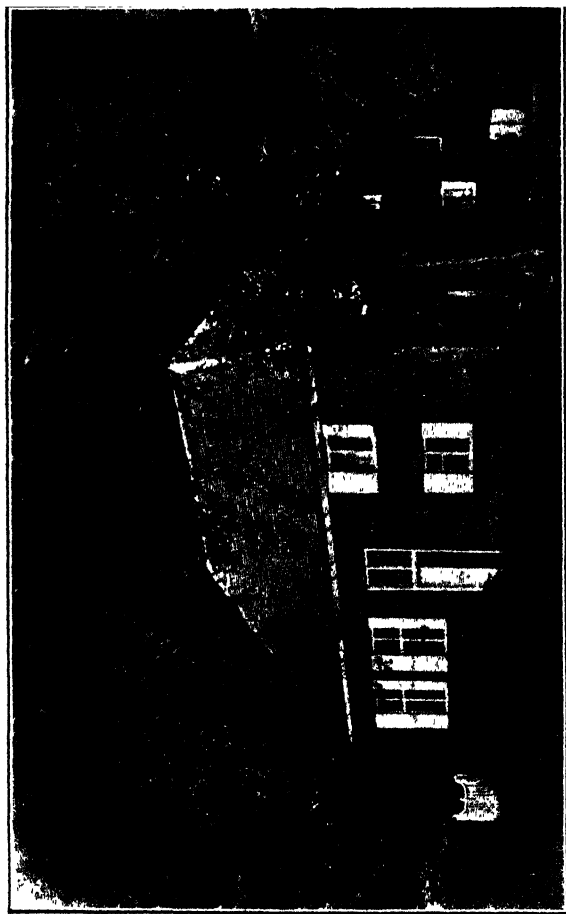




PRESENTED
BY THE
BOOK
COMMITTEE
OF THE
RELIGIOUS SOCIETY
OF FRIENDS OF
PHILADELPHIA
AND VICINITY

302 ARCH ST





FRIENDS' MEETING HOUSE AT JORDANS.

Frontispiece.

QUAKER BIOGRAPHIES

A SERIES OF SKETCHES,
CHIEFLY BIOGRAPHICAL, CONCERNING MEMBERS OF THE
SOCIETY OF FRIENDS, FROM THE SEVENTEENTH
CENTURY TO MORE RECENT TIMES

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

VOL. II.

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RELIGIOUS
SOCIETY OF FRIENDS FOR PENNEYSLVANIA,
NEW JERSEY AND DELAWARE.

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(NOTE.—*The chapters appearing in this volume were prepared as indicated below. In some cases it was only a question of selection and arrangement, and no change was made in the language of the originals.*)

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ISAAC PENINGTON

(1616–1679)

MARY PENINGTON

(1624–1682)

ISAAC AND MARY PENINGTON.

In the following pages the story will be told of two persons who lived in England many years ago. One was a little girl whose name was Mary Proud; she was born in the year 1624. Her father, Sir John Proud, was an officer in the army; he was killed at the siege of a town in Holland. His wife died about the same time, so little Mary was left without father or mother when she was only three years old.

There is a story told of a little American boy who, one day as he was playing in a field, took up a stone to throw at a tortoise which he saw in a pond, but something within him told him not to do so, and he dropped the stone. When he went home he asked his mother what that *something* was which seemed to speak to him. She answered: "Some men call it conscience, but I prefer to call it the voice of God in the soul." And so it was with little Mary Proud. She heard the voice of God speaking in her soul—the Holy Spirit, who, as our Saviour said when He ascended to His Father, would come to guide and comfort His children—she listened to the gentle whisper and obeyed the teaching. This was a great

help and comfort to one who had neither father nor mother.

The greater part of her childhood and youth, after the death of her parents, was passed in the home of her guardian, Sir Edward Partridge. His family was quite a large one. Sir Edward's sister and her children formed a part of it. The boys, William and Herbert Springett, were brave and manly, and, as they were also kind and gentle, little Mary formed a firm friendship with them. Their mother, a Christian woman, was very kind to the poor, and spent much of her time looking after them and caring for their needs. She was skilled in the art of healing, and when they were ill, sent simple medicines which helped them. She had such wonderful success in removing "spots from the eyes," that an eminent doctor in London often sent persons to her to be cured. She was a tender, affectionate mother to her children, and little Mary shared her kind care.

The Bible was read to them in this family, and they were taught to repeat short prayers. One day as the maid who waited upon the children was reading to them from a good book, little Mary, then about ten years old, was much impressed with the words, "Pray continually," which were read. She felt that she did not know what true prayer really was, and she longed to do so. She remained in the room alone after the others were gone, and exclaimed aloud: "What is prayer?" With difficulty, as she had just learned to join the letters, she wrote out a little prayer for herself. She did this several different times so as

to tell her needs, but it did not satisfy her. One day, as the thoughtful little girl heard a very sad story, she was greatly troubled; she went into her room alone and, kneeling down, poured out her soul in prayer to God. She rose up comforted, and felt that this was true prayer, something which she had never known before. No one had told her that true prayer does not require a form of words, and that our Heavenly Father hears the least cry of His children.

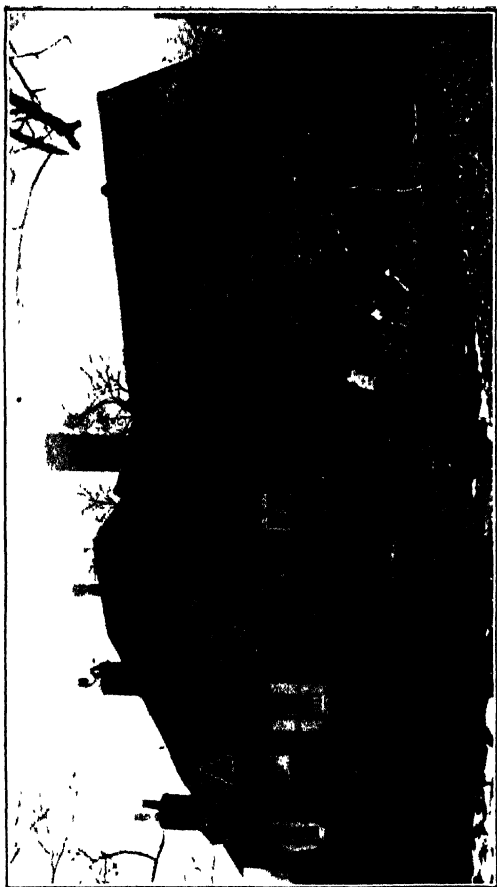
She grew up a beautiful girl, and when she was eighteen years old married William Springett, with whom she had played when they were children together. In later years she wrote of him: "He was courteous and affable to all, very ingeniously inclined from a lad, carving things with his knife, pulling his watch to pieces, or taking the house clock to pieces to mend it." He was fond of manly sports, a lover of horses and dogs, training them himself; he had courage without harshness or cruelty. Once as he listened to an account of distress in Ireland, he determined to send a generous sum of money to the sufferers. He was afraid his interest might grow cooler after he left the meeting where he heard the story, so he then and there wrote a solemn resolution to give the money. He sent it afterwards by his "foot-boy," and told him to turn his coat wrong side outwards, so that no one should recognize the livery and know who sent the money.

There was great unsettlement in England in those days. The King, Charles I., had been deposed, and Oliver Cromwell was ruler, under the title of Pro-

QUAKER BIOGRAPHIES.

tector. Some of the people were on the side of the King, and some on the side of Cromwell, which was called the side of the Parliament. Sir William Springett—for that was the title of Mary's husband then—was on the side of the Parliament, and was in command of a company of soldiers. He was in some of the battles between the two parties, and was in danger of being wounded. He was not hurt, however, but was taken dangerously ill at Arundel Castle, where he sent for his wife, now called Lady Springett, to come to him from London. It was a very hard journey, for she went in a coach, since there were no railroads in those days; it was winter, and the weather was cold. In one place the road was covered so deep with water that she was obliged to get out of the coach and go in a row-boat on the highway. The horses swam across the water, bringing the coach with them. A little further on, one dark night, they were overturned and thrown into a hedge. There were no lights on the road to show them the way, so the man who was sent to guide them rode before the coach on a white horse, which could be dimly seen in the darkness of the night. However, the journey was safely ended at last, and Lady Springett reached her husband, and was with him for a short time before his death, which occurred when he was only twenty-three years old.

She was very sad and lonely after he was gone; but a little daughter came for her to love and cherish, who soon grew to be a companion to her mother; she was named Gulielma Maria, after both father and



WOODSIDE FARM, AMERSHAM.
(The home of the Penningtons. See page 10.)

To face p 13.

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had found something for which she had long been seeking. She accordingly began to go to the meetings of Friends, and very soon felt it would be right for her to join them. Isaac Penington also joined Friends soon afterwards. When George Fox began to preach the immediate guidance of the Holy Spirit, there were many persons in different places ready to accept this teaching as something for which they had long been waiting. Such was the case with the persons of whom this chapter treats.

As their family grew larger—for there were now three children beside little Gulielma Springett—Isaac and Mary Penington decided to leave London and live at Chalfont Grange in the country. Alderman Penington had given this place to his son Isaac when he was married. It was a pleasant spot, shaded by trees and surrounded with meadows and orchards. Their home was one of wealth and refinement, as well as simplicity and hospitality. Instead of going to school, the children had a tutor at home. But this teacher, who instructed them in English, was not able to give them lessons in Latin, so a well-known Friend named Thomas Ellwood was engaged, who lived with the family as tutor and friend for seven years. They had known him before when they lived in London; indeed, he had been a playfellow of Guli Springett, and Lady Springett's footman had often drawn him with her in her little coach through Lincoln's Inn Fields. There was now a pleasant household, and Mary Penington's heart was filled with joy when the first meeting of Friends was held in their

home at Chalfont. But these quiet days did not continue very long.

After the death of Cromwell, Charles II. became King. Before he came back to England (for he had been out of the country), he wrote a letter in which he promised to pardon all those who had been opposed to his father or himself, and granting liberty of conscience to all. But he neglected these fair promises after he was King, and the decree went forth that those who would not attend the services of the Church of England should not be permitted to gather for worship at all. It was feared that instead of meeting to worship God they might meet to make plots against the king. And now, because meetings had been held in his house and he had gone to them in other places, Isaac Penington was arrested and kept a prisoner seventeen weeks in Aylesbury Jail, in a cold room without any comforts. Sixty-two other Friends were in prison with him. It would have been easy for them to escape, for the building had been a malt-house, and there were not many bolts and bars to hinder them, but the jailor had confidence in the Friends that they would not attempt it. When Isaac Penington was released and returned to his home, meetings were again held at the Grange twice in the week.

At one of the meetings a man was present who had read some of the writings of Friends, and wished to know more of their principles. His trade was selling hides, and he sat on a pile of them in his little cart when he drove to market to sell them. While they were sit-

ting quietly together, a company of soldiers rode up. They would not listen to the Friends, who told them they were met together to worship, but took several, among them Isaac Penington, to prison. At the beginning of the disturbance, John Ovy (for this was the stranger's name), although he was not a young man, "with the nimbleness of a stripling cutting a caper," leaped over the bench which stood in front of him, fled from the house, and took refuge in a field. From his hiding place there he saw the Friends taken to prison, and when he recovered sufficient courage to go back, he found those who were left sitting quietly in their places. He was very much ashamed of his conduct, and felt he had learned the difference between the *profession* of religion and the *possession* of it.

Isaac Penington was frequently in prison, sometimes because he went to meetings of Friends, and again because he did not feel it was right for him to take an oath of any kind. He was a delicate man, and suffered very much in the cold, damp prison. At one time he was so ill his friends feared he would die, but his vivacity and cheerful resignation bore him up, and even kept up the spirits of those who were with him in the prison. One of these said he never saw him cast down or dejected, or heard him speak harshly of those who persecuted him.

He was also an eminent minister among Friends, preaching high ideals of spirituality and sinlessness of life. He believed that not only to older persons is the victory given over sin, but that children may be strengthened to resist the tempter and overcome him.

Like George Fox, William Penn and others of that age, he often felt impelled to use his pen in explanation or in defence of the doctrines and practices of Friends. His collected writings fill several volumes, and are esteemed an important part of the literature of the time. He also wrote many remarkable letters when he was in prison and at other times ; they were helpful and inspiring to those who received them then, and parts of them are very sweet and comforting to those who read them in these days. His views concerning salvation are thus expressed :—

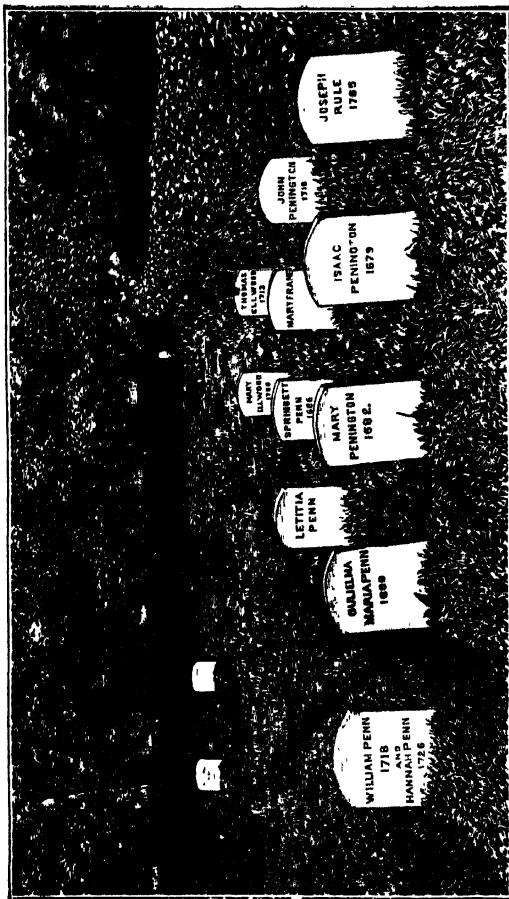
“That there is no way of being saved from sin and wrath eternal but by that Christ alone who died at Jerusalem. There is no name, virtue, life or power under heaven given, by which lost man may be saved, but His alone.

“We do indeed expect to be saved (yea, and not only so, but do already, in our several measures, witness salvation) by the revelation and operation of the life of Christ within us, yet not without relation to what He did without us. For all that He did in that body of flesh was of the Father, and had its place and service in the will and according to the counsel of the Father.”

But new trials were before them : Chalfont Grange was unjustly taken from them while Isaac Penington was again in prison, and his wife and children were forced to leave their pleasant home. After he was released they boarded at Waltham Abbey, so that the

children might attend the good school there. But this was only for a time, for they wanted again to have a home of their own, if they could arrange to do so. All of Isaac Penington's property was now gone, and much of his wife's had been taken from her by the injustice of some of her relatives. Yet she was a great help to her husband, for her practical, business-like ability supplied what was less active in him. She looked at several places for a home, and waited to be guided to make the right choice. Finally, she decided to sell some of the property which still belonged to her and buy a little place, Woodside, near Amersham, and not very far from their friends at Chalfont. The house was very old and out of repair, but Mary Penington cheerfully undertook the task of getting it in order, rebuilding parts of it to make it a comfortable home. While this work was going on, some of the children were at school at Waltham, and the others were with their father and mother at Bevin House, near Amersham.

At one time Mary Penington went with her daughter, Guli Springett, to London to consult a doctor, as the latter was not well. During her absence her husband wrote her: "Yesterday I saw thy boy Ned looking very well and fresh, if not too well, I mean, too fat. Bill and all thy children are well. Bill expects thy coming home at night. I bid him write thee to come home, but he said, 'No; he would go to London to thee.' I said, 'if thou canst not get quiet father will get all thy love'—for he was exceedingly loyng to me this morning in bed—he said, 'No, no;



GRAVESTONES AT JORDAN.

(The Meeting House and adjoining graveyard at Jordan are but a few miles from Chalfont St. Giles, and are beautifully situated in a deep hollow, shaded by a dense grove of beech trees. The present Meeting House was built in 1688. Under the rear part of the house Friends used to stable their horses while they attended meeting in the room above. In the burial-ground but few of the graves are marked, the headstones shown in the illustration having been placed there recently.)

must not get all the love from mother.' ” This gives a glimpse of happiness in the new home. Mary Penington said she could not have had a “ stiller, sweeter, or pleasanter time ” than when she was overseeing the work on the place at Woodside. She left everything in order in the morning on the days when she went to meeting, and “ so left them until I returned, rarely finding them so much as rise up in my mind when going to and when at meeting.” The house was finished in less than four years ; it might have been done in much less time, but she did not go on with the work until she had the money in hand to pay for it, so that they should not feel straitened. During this time she says “ we have not omitted being helpful by giving or lending ” where it was needed. This house at Woodside is still standing, and is known to-day as the residence of the Peningtons.

In the year 1672 a noteworthy event happened in this family : Guli Springett was married to William Penn, soon to be founder of Pennsylvania, and went to live at Rickmansworth, about six miles from Chalfont.

Before they moved into the new home at Woodside, Isaac Penington was again in prison for the sixth and last time. He went to visit Friends in Reading jail and was kept a prisoner for a “ year and three-quarters.” One of these prisoners wrote that the presence of their Heavenly Father made the prison often seem like a “ pleasant palace ” to them. The last years of Isaac Penington’s life were passed

in the pleasant home at Woodside. He had suffered so much in the cold, damp prisons that his health was broken down ; but nothing could disturb his inward peace. While on a visit with his wife in her native county of Kent, he was taken very ill, and died after a few days of suffering. Mary Penington had a severe illness after the death of her husband, from which she never entirely recovered, but lived a few years after. She died in the home of her famous son-in-law, William Penn, and was laid to rest beside her husband in the little graveyard at Jordans Meeting-House, near Chalfont. Their graves are marked with small stones bearing their names and the dates of their deaths. About ten years after the death of her mother, Gulielma Penn was also laid to rest near her.

Mary Penington left a record of some of the events in her life. She intended to have these papers "faire copied" before her death, but this was not done ; later on, however, they were "written out faire" by her son Edward, the little lad whom his father called Ned. Mary Penington was not a very aged woman when she died—she was fifty-eight years old. She had seen many changes in these years, but as she had heard the voice of God in her soul when she was a little girl, so she listened to this gentle whisper to her life's end.

RICHARD DAVIES

(1635–1708)

RICHARD DAVIES.

If we will transport ourselves in imagination back to a certain year near the middle of the seventeenth century, and to a certain hill in the north of Wales, we shall see four young men, almost boys, meeting together on a First-day morning, and shall learn, it may be to our surprise, that here is the little beginning of the Society of Friends in Wales.

These four were the wonder of the country for miles around; for their homes were wide apart, and their neighbors could find no other explanation for their conduct in thus gathering at that lonely place than to call them witches. Just how far this went to clear the difficulty it is hard for us to see, but to the people then, these young men seemed to be the most unreasonable of beings. Hence, their meeting must be a "witches' sabbath!" When the storms were from the south the four young men went to the north side of the slope; and when the winds swept down from the north they found the south side more comfortable; and so for weeks together, in sunshine and rain, they met here, a little open-air Friends' meeting.

The history of the early Friends is rich in examples of perseverance not unlike the present instance. We are interested, however, in this particular little

group of men, because the central figure was Richard Davies, who was destined to have his name associated with the founding of Quakerism in Wales. As we trace his life in these pages, we shall, I think, grow very fond of the sweet, tender nature he often showed under most trying hardships. He was more brave than the bravest soldier, but with it all he was kind and gentle and always ready to forgive.

He was born in 1635; George Fox was then a lad of eleven; and in after years the two were to have many experiences together. Richard's parents brought him up in the English church. The following is the story of how he became a Friend, though we need to remember that at this time there was no Society of Friends, Richard Davies himself being one of the founders of the Society.

In his twenty-second year, while he was working for a felt-maker, there came to his master's house a man named Morgan Evan, who had but little education, and was poor and rather mean in appearance. He had met with Friends in his travels in England and had been convinced of the Truth. As he talked with Richard's master of serious things, the mistress of the house came to the young man and said: "Why do you not go and help your master, for there is a Quaker at the door that has put him to silence?" Young Richard placed his Bible under his arm and eagerly followed his mistress's advice, joining her husband in the argument.

He tells us himself of the interview:—

“When I went to them, they were discoursing; and he took the Bible out of my hands and turned to 2d Timothy, 1 : 13, which he read; I desired him to read a little more of that chapter, both backward and forward, which he freely did and asked me, ‘Why I did require that of him?’ I told him that we heard the Quakers denied the Scriptures and that they would not read them. He said: ‘There were many false reports of them.’ And truly, when I saw him read the Scripture so readily, I concluded in myself that what was reported of them was not true; and he saw that he had reached the witness of God in me. Then he exhorted me to take heed to that Light that shined in my heart, and did show me my vain thoughts, and reprovèd me in secret for every idle word and action. And he spoke much of the inward work and the operation of God’s Holy Spirit upon the soul, recommending me to the Grace of God that bringeth Salvation, teaching us that ‘denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously and godly in this present world.’ And so he departed from our house, and I set him a little along on his way.”

Of one thing we may feel certain, that as there are no two faces of all the men and women in the world exactly alike, so no two people have had exactly the same experience in coming to the true knowledge of God. We cannot limit the work of God’s grace upon the human heart to one plan; with this in mind, it can do us no injury to observe the wonderful means

He has used to turn men from their lives of indifference and sometimes of sin, to that purer life which all must know before they can be called His children. Sometimes, as in the case of the Apostle Paul on the Damascus road, the impression comes with such suddenness as to stun the understanding ; in most cases, however, it is more gradual ; the change is most beautifully described in Mark's Gospel, where we are referred to that growth in nature which must be familiar to almost all, "first the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear."

So it was in the case of Richard Davies ; before he had seen Morgan Evan he had had serious questioning in his mind about many practices he was called upon to observe. He had often attended worship with his master, and had read the Bible with him, and they had prayed with each other, but he had felt that in their prayers they were often using mere hollow words ; that what they were doing was in their own will and strength and not in God's, and so as time passed, his mind was preparing for the great lesson that God was going to teach him through His servant, Morgan Evan.

Richard Davies had heard of the people called Quakers, though there were none of them in his country, and the reports that had come to him represented them as a people who did not believe in the Bible, and who were accused of many wicked things ; no wonder that he was afraid to accept their teachings, and to be called by their name in the face of what his friends told him of them. Notwithstanding

this, God's grace was at work in his heart, and far away from the nearest meeting or settlement of Friends he grew little by little without any outward teacher to have the same views the Friends in England were preaching. This is by no means a case by itself; very many men and women, unknown to each other and to the Society of Friends, seemed called of God at this time to accept the same views, and many of them gladly went forth as preachers to proclaim them to others.

Richard Davies became a Friend when there were none to encourage him; his surroundings were unfavorable, and his associates were ready to desert him. His diary, which is quite a long one, is full of interesting illustrations of God's dealings with him. At this early stage of his conversion he wrote thus of his master and mistress:—

“I was concerned to speak the pure language of *thee* and *thou* to every one, without respect of persons, which was a great cross to me, though it seems to some as but a weak and foolish thing; yet when the Lord lays the necessity of speaking the truth to all, in the language which God and His servants used, it comes to be of greater weight than many light and airy people think it is. This necessity being laid upon me, I spoke to my master in that dialect; he was not offended at it, because he was convinced of the truth of it, and that it ought to be spoken to every one. But when I spoke so to my mistress, she took a stick and gave me such a blow upon my bare head

that it made it swell and sore for a considerable time. She was so disturbed that she swore she would kill me, though she would be hanged for it; the enemy had so possessed her that she was quite out of order; though, before time, she very seldom, if ever, gave way to an angry word. The Almighty God put it in my heart to consider the cost, and that through tribulation I was to enter the Kingdom of Heaven. And I was faithful in this testimony I had to bear. The consideration was weighty with me, lest I should begin to take up the cross and to walk in this way, and should not be able to hold out to the end. The weight and burden was great, having none in the country to be an help to me in the time of my need, but the Lord alone. I was very ready and willing to take hold of His promises; and my prayers unto Him were *that He would enable me to go through all things that He required*. I was now first called a Quaker because I said to a single person *thee* and *thou*, and kept on my hat, and did not go after the customs and fashions of the world that other professors lived and walked in."

Richard Davies was still from home, but report reached his parents that he had become a Quaker. This, of course, did not then mean that he had joined a meeting, that any committee had been appointed to visit him; it meant that at every opportunity he was teaching others the truths that had been revealed to him, and that these truths were the same that George Fox, William Edmundson, James Nayler and a host of others were preaching elsewhere.

Richard came home, and his parents were greatly distressed when he came into their presence, that he did not as had been his former practice, go down on his knees to ask their blessing or take off his hat to them. He did not neglect these usages because he had lost respect for his parents, or because his natural love was less than it had been, but he did it as an open declaration of his belief that God was supreme and that He and not man should be the object of our reverent regard. We need to remember why it was the early Friends objected to many of the practices of their time ; we shall find they were founded on no idle fancy or whim, but grew out of an honest conviction. Whittier has expressed it :—

“The Quaker of the olden time !
How calm and firm and true,
Unspotted by its wrong and crime,
He walked the dark earth through.
The lust of power, the love of gain,
The thousand lures of sin
Around him, had no power to stain
The purity within.

“With that deep insight which detects
All great things in the small,
And knows how each man's life affects
The spiritual life of all.
He walked by faith and not by sight,
By love and not by law ;
The presence of the wrong or right
He rather felt than saw.”

His father threatened to disinherit him, and said he supposed now he would soon be going up and

down the country crying "Repent, Repent;" the mother, whose heart ever beats truest to the pulse of a boy, could not believe that he was bewitched. She called him aside, looked into his honest innocent eyes, talked to him of religious things, and then sought the father with these words: "Be of good comfort, our son is not as was reported of him; we hope to have comfort of him yet."

It was at the time of this visit home that Richard Davies was first imprisoned. He attended at the place of worship, and, as was the practice of Friends, when the minister, who was called a priest, ended, Richard rose and asked him to prove the false doctrine he had just preached. He was in jail only one night.

About this time he first attended a Friends' meeting; this was at Shrewsbury. It had now been more than two years since he had become a Friend, and the picture of Richard Davies sitting for the first time in a meeting after his own heart is a beautiful one. He says: "No word was spoken; yet as we sat in silence our hearts were so touched with a sense of God's love and presence that there was hardly a dry eye among us." A short time afterwards he again attended a meeting at the same place, and for the first time heard a sermon by a Friend; it was John ap John who spoke.

The following year he went to London; but ever his native country was present to his view, and he felt that a call was going forth to him to return and to work there in the cause of his Master. He remained in London until the next year, married, and then be-

came a Welshman by adoption, as he had been before by birth. During the next year he was twice imprisoned, because he would not take the oath of allegiance to King Charles II. The early Friends were loyal subjects of the King, but because it was Christ's command, "Swear not at all," they suffered persecution even unto death rather than disobey Him.

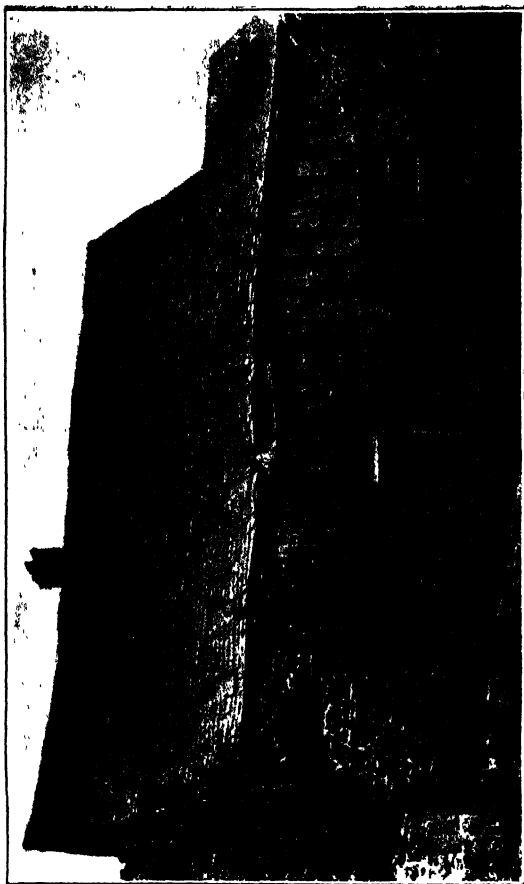
The persecution of Friends in Wales was not as severe as in England, for while there were always low, mean men to inform on them and to bring them before the magistrates, the people themselves, as a rule, were less cruel. Richard Davies was twice imprisoned the year after his marriage; the second arrest was a severe trial to him, and was on this wise. Soldiers with guns and drawn swords broke into his house, the only inmates being himself, his wife, and little baby only three days old. His wife said to him, "Dear husband, be faithful to God, whatever becomes of me." Probably nothing we could write were we to fill a dozen pages could more clearly set forth the stern sense of duty felt by these first apostles of our faith, than these eight words of the good wife of Richard Davies, "Be faithful to God, whatever becomes of me." Among the tormentors on this particular occasion was one rude, low fellow who owed Richard's father some money, to avoid paying which he had run away; he meant now to take his vengeance on the son; but several important men of the place, desiring to see fair play, promised that Richard would be at the prison in the morning if they would release him to go with them for a comfortable night. There

was a threat of war with clubs and sticks between the townspeople and the mob, but Richard was released for the night, promising to be at the jail in the morning."

Richard Davies' life was one of trial and persecution, as was the lot of so many Friends of his time, but he bore it with cheerfulness as part of the discipline allowed to come upon him by his Divine Master. On one occasion he was imprisoned with another man in a small cell where was a bedstead with no bed upon it; the men lay upon the cords; but the next morning not only their clothes, but their flesh also was so marked that they found the hard, cold floor more comfortable.

By the time Richard Davies was twenty-seven years old many meetings of Friends had been established in Wales, largely through his labor; persecution was more violent than before, and he gave much time to visiting magistrates and others in high office to gain the release of his friends from jail. He had many interesting experiences, one of which can be given in his words. With a companion he had gone to visit the Baron of Cherbury:—

"We understood on the way that he was at a bowling-green, and several with him, near a place called the Cann office, near the highway side, and not far from Llyssin, where we beheld them bowling. We considered with each other which way to take, there being a peevish priest, the said lord's chaplain, with them. So I asked my companion whether he would



OLD JAIL AT WELSHPOOL, WALES.

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engage the priest in discourse, or go to the said lord, which he chose to do, and got into the green leisurely toward him, where most of them knew him; but he went not in their complimenting posture. He stayed there a little while, and they broke up the game. While he discoursed with Lord Herbert, I discoursed a little with the priest. Lord Herbert coming toward the priest and me, said to the priest: 'Mr. Jones, what have you got there?' 'A Quaker and haberdasher of hats, that lives in Welsh-Pool.' 'Oh!' said Lord Herbert, 'I thought he was such an one, *he keeps his hat so fast upon the block.*' Then he preparing and intending to come down a great steep ditch, I stooped down to lend him my hand to help him. Another priest would have stepped between me and him, but Lord Herbert refused the priest's help. Stopping a little, he said to the priest: 'Here is a brother that stands by, will say the blind leads the blind and both will fall into the ditch.' The priest was so drunk that he could not stand by himself. This lord being a very big, fat man, took my help to come down. So we went along with him towards his own house, laying the sufferings of our friends before him, and that their sufferings were for conscience's sake towards God. He gave us no grant then for their enlargement, but we heard that he sent private instructions, and they had more liberty."

For several years following, Richard Davies was a prisoner much of the time. There were at this very time many hundreds of Friends in prison in Great

Britain also. His jailers indeed allowed him great freedom, for within certain limits he could go when and where he pleased, but he was never permitted to go very far away from the prison.

Another incident may be mentioned: Richard Davies hearing that many Friends were confined in Cardigan jail and knowing how weary they must be, and fearing also that sickness must soon follow their confinement, gained his wife's consent to go and offer himself as prisoner in their stead, and had almost reached the place when he met the released prisoners coming home.

Living in Wales at this time was a man named Roger Prichard, who had become a Friend and had then been frightened by the persecutions he had seen around him and had been unfaithful. Richard Davies had met with him when but a lad, and had now for almost twenty years known little of him. He writes in his diary:—

“At the lower end of the county of Radnor, we had a sweet living meeting, and the power of the Lord tendered the hearts of many. When the meeting was ended, we drew a little aside from Friends, being bowed before the Lord in a sense of His goodness amongst us. After a little while I turned my face towards the Friends, and saw a man coming towards me in much brokenness and tears, and when he came to me he took me in his arms and held me there. I was very tender of him, though I knew him not. He asked me if I did not know him. I

told him I did not. He said he had cause to remember me. When I looked upon him again I asked him whether he was not Roger Prichard. He said he was the man that had gone astray. And I was glad, yea, very glad, that the lost sheep was found, and that he came to know the true Shepherd and His voice in himself, and he followed Him, and went not astray as he did before. We went thence towards Pembrokeshire, where we had several good meetings, and the Lord was with us. Then we came homewards, and before we parted with Roger Prichard we appointed a meeting at his house, which was at Almeley-Wooton. The Lord helped us on our journey, and we came there according to the time appointed, and a large, sweet, comfortable meeting we had; I know not that any meeting had been there before. I appointed another meeting to be there; and in a few weeks after my return home, I went accordingly. The thought for that part of the county was often with me; and when the people of that village saw me, they would say one to another, 'Come, let us go to Mr. Prichard's, for we shall have prayers there to-night,' and the house hath soon near filled with people. A comfortable time we used to have together, and many were gathered to the Lord in those parts. As for Roger Prichard, the Lord blessed him in basket and in store, and his heart and house were open to Friends, and he built a fine meeting-house at his own charge, and also gave a burying-place and settled both upon Friends for that service, and lived and died in love and favor with God, and in

unity with his brethren. 'Say to the righteous, it shall go well with them.'"

One who was called an informer, because he made it his business to spy out the meeting-places of Friends, had a hiding-place right under the meeting-room where Richard Davies and his friends held their religious meetings. Now, there was a law on the statute books of England at this time which had become a dead letter in Wales, but so long as it was on the books it was the magistrate's place to enforce it if any one demanded that he should; this law allowed none but the so-called ordained ministers to preach, fixing a large fine, equal to one hundred dollars of our money, for a single offence. On a certain day, when the informer was hidden away in his secret place, all attention to what was going on in the room above him, Richard Davies preached three times; that same evening as the informer and some friends passed by Richard's home, the former, pointing to a group of cattle standing near, said: "Those cattle are mine." His friends asked how so, and he replied: "Richard Davies has preached three times this day, and by the laws there is sixty pounds on the preaching for the same." Again, as on so many previous occasions, Richard's neighbors and friends came to his help; for had it not been for the priests and the cowardly informers, who did their part simply for the gain it brought to them, Friends would have received little but kindness in those early days in Wales. In this instance Davies replied to the one who would

help him that he wished him to let the informer alone, but he was answered: "I will tell thee what I will do, I will take him along with me to Severn-side and whet my knife very sharp and I will cut off one of the rogue's ears; and if he ever informs against thee again I will cut off the other." Fortunately for all parties this threat was never carried out, though we are told it was made with that intent.

The informer, however, suffered much in other ways for this rudeness; even the town-jailer, who so often had had Richard under his care, called after the informer as he passed down the street: "Mr. Informer, you see Richard Davies is going out to preach somewhere to-day; I advise you to look out diligently after your business and find him out. If you do not inform against him, I will inform against you. You have got a good trade in hand." So the informer plied his trade, and going to Lord Herbert, whose home was nearby, he asked for a warrant; but Lord Herbert said, "No;" and exclaimed, "Is it not sufficient to put my peaceable neighbors in prison? Must I give a warrant to make such a rogue as this rich by ruining them and their families?" Our anecdote would not be complete if we could not add that the informer afterwards came to see the meanness of his life; he acknowledged his faults, was forgiven by Richard Davies, and never again harmed Friends.

Another important part taken by Richard Davies, in the history of Friends at this early date, is shown by this incident: At one time while in London,

hearing that George Fox and many other Friends were in prison, it occurred to him that there might be some flaw in the indictment under which Fox was imprisoned. He procured the services of a very good lawyer, a friend of his, had the case examined, found a number of flaws in the bill of indictment, and so was the means of releasing George Fox.

Another case of great importance happened a year later; several Friends were imprisoned, and the judge had them brought before him and tendered the oath of allegiance. Of course, the Friends did as he expected them to do, refused to swear; then he said that their trial must follow, that they would be convicted, and the men should be hanged and the women burned. We find it hard in this free land of ours to realize that two and a half centuries ago in England there were still on the statute books laws that made it possible to do such things. Richard Davies employed this same good lawyer to make a search, and he found that the judge knew what he was talking about; that he had this power under an old law dating back almost to the time of Queen Elizabeth. Richard Davies, not discouraged, had a committee appointed, who went at once to London, stated their case to a committee of Parliament, and before real mischief followed, the law was repealed. Friends were released from prison, and a great step taken toward liberty of conscience.

Richard Davies' life is crowded with such incidents of faithful service. Many times he was allowed to see the fruit of his labors. Often this is not the



TOWER OF LONDON, FROM THE NORTHWEST.

(From an engraving of the time.)

case with moral reforms; one sows and another reaps, but in the experience of Richard Davies the harvest came in his own day and generation.

On one of his visits to London he was attending a Friends' meeting at the "Bull and Mouth." There had been something like a dispute, in which Richard had taken a part, and some thought he had not spoken in the power of God. After he sat down, Thomas Ellwood arose and said that "all should sit down and wait to feel the power of God among them, and let that decide whether Richard Davies did speak in the 'name and power of God among them that day;'" and so they waited in silence. Several Friends at length testified that he had, as they felt, spoken "in the name and power of God;" finally, there stood up a young man who, with much feeling, said: "There is a man come this day amongst us, I know not from whence he came nor where he goes, but of this I am satisfied—the Lord sent him here, and His power and presence is with him, and his testimony for the God of Truth!" This meeting had commenced at ten in the morning and did not close until ten at night; but when it did close the trouble had been satisfactorily settled.

One of the last acts of Richard Davies' life was to make a visit to Queen Anne. He carried with him a paper acknowledging the kindnesses the Friends had received during her reign, and at the conclusion he addressed the Queen herself with a few words of counsel.

The sands of his life had now about run out, and

at the age of seventy-three, full of years and good works, he died.

Few Friends of those early days were given to see as he did the great changes that could be wrought in a single lifetime. Instead of the little Friends' meeting of four on the cold hillside in North Wales, there were many meetings scattered throughout the country, and instead of the harsh treatment he had known in his early days, kindness and love had in many instances taken its place. Much of this had been brought to pass through the faithfulness of one man, Richard Davies.

MARY FISHER

1624–1698

ELIZABETH HOOTON

1600–1671

*"Two hundred years ! The Quaker sleeps
Within her nameless grave
But a whole kindred people keeps
Her memory pure and brave,
The while her 'Faith of Peace and Love'
That feebly then began,
Grows with the world's great life to be
The common faith of man."*

B. Rush Plumly.

*"The love that I bear to the souls of all men makes me
willing to undergo all that can be inflicted on me."*

Elizabeth Hooton.

MARY FISHER.

Among the first to suffer for conscience' sake, in the early days of Quakerism, was Mary Fisher, a woman of great energy and measureless courage.

She was born about the year 1624, in the north of England, where she preached with great earnestness for three years before she sailed for the New World.

It was her lot to endure much for the cause of Christ. For sixteen months she was imprisoned in York Castle. Again, for plainly telling the Cambridge students of their sins, by order of the Mayor she was taken to the Market Cross and, with another woman minister, whipped. The patient fortitude of the sufferers was wonderful, and yet more wonderful and mysterious in the eyes of the assembled crowd was the Christ-like spirit of the brave women as they prayed that their Heavenly Father would forgive their persecutors. After this, Mary Fisher was imprisoned three times before she left England.

In the year 1655 she went to Barbados, and from there to New England, arriving in Boston harbor in 1656. There was no law in the province, at this time, against Quakers, but when Mary Fisher and her friend, Anne Austin, arrived, they met with a reception truly surprising in a Christian land from

people who had themselves only recently sought religious liberty.

By order of the deputy governor, officers were sent aboard the vessel. Their trunks were searched, their books, numbering about one hundred, were taken away and burned in the public market. Later, these two defenceless women were taken ashore and imprisoned as Quakers, only upon the proof that one of them had said "thee" to an officer instead of "you," and a fine of five pounds was laid upon every one who had any sort of communication with them; pens, ink, and paper were taken from them, and they were forbidden to have a light at night. They were even stripped under pretence of finding witch-marks upon them.

Finally, after provisions had been denied them, and they seemed likely to starve to death, a deliverer arose, but only to be himself banished from the land for his interference. After eleven weeks of this wretched life the innocent women were sent back to Barbados.

About the year 1660 Mary Fisher felt it required of her to pay a religious visit to the Sultan of Turkey, Mahomet IV., then at the height of his power, though only eighteen years of age.

This earnest young woman reached Smyrna in due time, and the English consul there, learning of her plan, urged her by all means to give it up. When he found her steadfast in her purpose in spite of his warnings, he put her on board a vessel bound for Venice, with orders that she should be taken thither.

But Mary Fisher was not so easily to be turned aside from what she believed was required of her. She prevailed on the captain to land her in Greece, and

"Bearing God's message in her heart,
Her life within her hand,"

alone, knowing neither the road nor the language, she traveled on foot along the Grecian coast, through Macedonia, and over the mountains of Thrace, a journey of more than six hundred miles, until she at length reached Adrianople, where the Sultan was encamped with a great army.

Even now all was not accomplished, for how was an abhorred Christian to gain access to the Mohammedan monarch, who was sometimes called the "Shadow of God?" The steadfast faith of Mary Fisher never seemed to waver, and at last she found some one bold enough to speak to the Grand Vizier for her, and through him the Sultan was informed that an English woman had come with a message "to declare to him from the Great God." She was told she might have an interview with him on the following morning. Next day, at the appointed hour, she came before the Sultan, where he was surrounded by his chief officers. Mahomet asked her if it were true that she had a message from the Lord? She said it was, so he told her to "Speak on."

When she paused for a few moments of silent communion, he asked her if she wished any of those present to withdraw. She said she did not desire this, so he told her to speak the "word of the Lord

without fear, since they had good hearts to hear it," but he cautioned her to "say neither more nor less than the word she had from the Lord, since they were willing to hear it no matter what it might be."

With gravity they listened to her earnest ministry, and when she ceased the Sultan asked her if there was anything more she would like to say.

When she asked if he had understood her, he replied: "Yes, every word, and it is truth." He then asked her to stay in his dominions, and when she refused he offered her a guard to Constantinople, as he said he would be greatly grieved if any evil befall her in his empire.

She courteously refused his kind offer, and trusting in the Lord alone, reached Constantinople "without the least hurt or scoff," and finally arrived in England in safety.

The treatment received at the hands of the despised Turk is in marked contrast with that met with in *Christian* New England.

Soon after her return from the East, Mary Fisher married William Bayley, a sea captain and a powerful preacher and writer in the Society of Friends.

Both William Bayley and his wife endured much persecution, but they remained true to their convictions, even though their sufferings were almost unto death.

When they had been married about thirteen years, William Bayley died. His widow afterwards married John Crosse, with whom she emigrated to America.

Little is known of the last days of Mary Crosse, but

it is supposed that her stormy career ended peacefully, at a good old age, in South Carolina. George Vaux informs us that Mary Crosse, formerly Mary Fisher, died in Charleston in the autumn of 1698, aged about seventy-five. As her own house where she died was not far from the Friends' burial ground she was doubtless buried in that historic spot.



CLIFFORD'S TOWER, YORK CASTLE.

(Mary Fisher was imprisoned in York Castle for a period of sixteen months. See p. 48.)

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NOTE ON CLIFFORD'S TOWER, YORK CASTLE.

*"York Castle occupied a peninsula between the river Ouse and a branch called the Foss. Of this, Clifford's Tower, built in the thirteenth century, is about all of the ancient work that remains. . . . The interior of the tower was afterwards burned, and George Fox, the founder of the Society of Friends, who was imprisoned there, planted a walnut tree within the tower, which is still growing." **

As a result of recent investigations made by Richard Thompson, of York, it is stated :—

There are now (1908) no remains of any kind of a tree in Clifford's Tower, but an elderly official Dungate, who was many years at the Castle, well remembers it, and recollects the tradition attached to it, as having been planted by George Fox, but says he saw it cut down when he was governor of the Castle, about 1866. The illustration on the opposite page is from an ancient lithograph, one of a large series of views of old buildings, etc., in York.

* From Joel Cook's "*England*."

ELIZABETH HOOTON.

We can give no account of the childhood of Elizabeth Hooton, for very little of her early history is known. A brief biography recites the fact that "she was of good standing." We know that she was born in the last year of the sixteenth century, and so must have been almost twenty-five years of age at the time of George Fox's birth. Her home was in Nottinghamshire, England, which lies just north of the county in which was George Fox's native place, and during the early years of his ministry among the people not far from his home, she may have seen and heard him several times. It is interesting to find references to Elizabeth Hooton in George Fox's Journal. There are two such. The first occurs early in his record, and the second near the end, where he is giving a list of those who made the journey across the Atlantic with him. The first meeting with him occurred in 1647, when he was twenty-three years old. His manner of speaking of Elizabeth Hooton, then almost fifty, has arrested the attention of many a reader and prompted the question, "Who was she, and has she a history beyond the allusions to be found in George Fox's Journal?" This is the first entry: "Traveling through some parts of Leistershire, and into Not-

tinghamshire, I met with a tender people, and a very tender woman, whose name was Elizabeth Hooton."

We have it on good authority that she was the first woman preacher among Friends, and for this reason alone, if for no other, an importance attaches to her history. The preaching of women was not an altogether novel thing in the seventeenth century. The time was one of great unrest, and many religious sects, which existed but for a brief period, granted to women the privilege of preaching. The fact remains that no religious society has recognized as the Society of Friends has done, that the gift of ministry is bestowed by our Divine Master upon men and women alike, irrespective of sex ; and when the work shall be written which will do justice to women in this field of service and to the attitude taken by Friends at the rise of their Society and maintained by them ever since, it should contain in its first chapter some tribute to the memory of Elizabeth Hooton.

Her life was a stormy one ; doubtless there was much of domestic tranquility to chronicle, the quiet joys of home life in Nottingham ; but that part of her life which has had an influence in the making of history is almost all that is preserved.

How much more comfortable for the law-abiding Puritan of New England and for the peace-loving Quaker had they been able to keep apart ! Allusion has been made in the sketch just preceding this to Mary Fisher's visit to New England and her reception there. Were we to give in detail Elizabeth Hooton's experiences, we would find the persecutions suffered

by her to be not a whit behind those met with by Mary Fisher.

Elizabeth Hooton made two different journeys to New England, and started on a third journey. This last occurred when she was one year past three-score and ten. With eleven Friends and some forty other passengers she waited of a summer's evening near the vessel, as she lay at anchor at Gravesend, expecting to sail on the morrow. George Fox gives the names of the twelve in his Journal; there were only two women, and one of these was Elizabeth Hooton. The vessel was the "*Industry*," a poor, leaky yacht. George Fox says: "She was very leaky, so that the seamen and some of the passengers did, for the most part, pump day and night."

On the evening of thirteenth of Sixth Month in the year 1671 the "*Industry*" sailed out the river and turned her prow toward the West. No pleasure trip with comfortable quarters in a nicely-fitted cabin was in store for this company. William Edmundson, who had already planted Quakerism in Ireland, and whose name links the Irish and American Friends in many a Maryland family to-day, was also of this party of twelve, who were to carry the gospel message to settlements in the New World. In his Journal one finds a freer recital of the incidents of the journey than in Fox's, though he makes no mention of Elizabeth Hooton except to say: "Having finished our service in that island (Jamaica), we committed our lives to the Lord's keeping, and took shipping for Maryland; but Elizabeth Hooton died in Jamaica, being an ancient woman."

Born in Nottinghamshire in 1600; dying in the island of Jamaica in 1671; seriously impressed by George Fox's preaching when he was a young man of twenty-three on one of his first religious visits; herself called to proclaim the gospel message in various parts of England and beyond the sea; sometimes spoken of as the first person to openly embrace George Fox's teachings, certainly the first woman preacher among Friends; meeting persecutions wherever she went—these are the simple facts of her history. As was written of one who died more than two centuries after her:—

“She bore her message far and wide,
Beside all waters sowed her seed,
Nor ever loitered to decide
Which handful should the best succeed.

“Not hers to reap, but hers to sow,
To comfort mourners as she went.
The far results she could not know,
The Master smiled, she was content.”

In a chapter to follow this we shall have an account of the four Friends who suffered death on Boston Common. Elizabeth Hooton's visits occurred at a time when persecution was most violent. The last of the four executions was in 1661, which was the year of her first visit. It was more by accident, or rather by God's special providence, than by any planning of her own, that she was not included among those against whom Endicott's wrath was turned. When the last one of the Boston martyrs was condemned, and Governor Endicott passed final sentence, the condemned

man turned to the officers, and said: "If you have power to take my life from me, the which I question, I believe you shall never more take Quakers' lives from them. Note my words."

The power of Cromwell had died with him. The popular sentiment of New England, of course strongly Puritan, could not and would not longer sustain the severity of Endicott and his court, and knowing that the home rule under Charles II. would not sanction what the Protector had winked at, the New England rulers changed their punishment from the death penalty to banishment on pain of a whipping from town to town.

News traveled slowly between Boston and London in those days, but finally came the order that Friends should be released from jail, and William Salter, the keeper of the Boston prison, seemed for a time to be out of business. But ere long the bitter feeling was revived, and it was during this period that Elizabeth Hooton was more than once in Boston and the neighboring towns.

Let it ever be remembered that the Friends of the seventeenth century were the staunchest defenders of liberty that have ever pleaded for it. They argued for it, not as a mere intellectual theory, but as a natural and inalienable right. They asked not that they might be tolerated, or that certain privileges might be granted them; they asked, and more than that they demanded, common justice. The Quaker view of government was equality of all men before the law, and with this they always coupled the principle

of equal responsibility under the law. This is not a chapter on Quaker government, but these few remarks have been introduced by way of parenthesis, to explain why it was that such people as Elizabeth Hooton, Mary Fisher and scores of others left their English homes to face the difficulties that they knew would confront them.

In 1662, the year following Elizabeth Hooton's first visit to New England, Major Waldron, of Dover, issued an order to the constables of Boston and ten other neighboring towns, and on this Whittier has founded his poem, "How the Women Went from Dover." The warrant reads:—

"You, and every one of you, are required, in the King's Majesty's name, to take these Vagabond Quakers [here follow the names of three women] and make them fast to the cart's tail, and driving the cart through your several towns, to whip them upon their naked backs not exceeding ten stripes apiece on each of them, in each town, &c."

The warrant was executed in only two of the eleven towns, for when the women came to Salisbury the officer refused to obey the order and the people sustained him in his decision, and so did the good mayor of the town, Robert Pike.

"By the meeting-house in Salisbury town,
The sufferers stood, in the red sundown,
Bare for the lash! O pitying Night,
Drop swift thy curtain and hide the sight!

“ With shame in his eye and wrath on his lip,
The Salisbury constable dropped his whip.
‘ This warrant means murder foul and red ;
Cursed is he who serves it,’ he said.

“ ‘ Show me the order, and meanwhile strike
A blow at your peril !’ said Justice Pike.
Of all the rulers the land possessed,
Wisest and boldest was he and best.

“ He scoffed at witchcraft ; the priest he met
As man meets man ; his feet he set
Beyond his dark age, standing upright,
Soul-free, with his face to the morning light.

“ He read the warrant : ‘ *These convey
From our precincts ; at every town on the way
Give each ten lashes.*’ ‘ God judge the brute !
I tread his order under my foot !

“ ‘ Cut loose these poor ones and let them go ;
Come what will of it, all men shall know
No warrant is good, though backed by the Crown,
For whipping women in Salisbury town !’ ”

Richard P. Hallowell, in “*The Pioneer Quakers*,”
says :—

“ The whipping-post, fines, imprisonments, and banishment were resorted to in vain. They proved to be productive fertilizers of the Puritan soil into which the Quakers who still dared to beard the Puritan wolf dropped the fructifying seed. Quakerism was soon embraced by many of the colonists, and could count in its ranks leading citizens and former members of the church. Members of some of the most prominent and influential families eventually became identified

with the despised sect. Isaac Robinson, son of the illustrious pastor of the Plymouth Pilgrims, espoused their cause so earnestly that the court, by a special act, disfranchised him. Samuel Winthrop, son of the governor, was a distinguished Quaker. William Coddington, who accompanied Governor Winthrop when he brought over the charter, and who was afterwards Governor of Rhode Island, was a leading member of the Society of Friends and an able defender of the faith."

At the time of which we write, four-fifths of the Friends on Massachusetts soil were actual owners of their own homes there, and in every way as much citizens of New England as any one else.

Those curious about such matters will find in Besse's "*Sufferings*," in Sewel's "*History of the Quakers*," in "*New England Judged*" (the last, the richest repository of facts concerning this subject), full accounts of the persecutions which individual Friends endured during this period. The following briefly recites part of the story of Elizabeth Hooton's persecutions. It will be seen that her objective point every time was New England, and whether landed on Virginia soil, or the island of Barbados, her face was set toward New England.

Does any one raise the question, What called her there? The answer comes, as old as history, the same Power that through all the ages has drawn men and women to lives of sacrifice and devotion to a call that they know is from above.

"The tale is one of an evil time,
When souls were fettered and thought was crime,
And heresy's whisper above its breath
Meant shameful scourging and bonds and death !

"What marvel, that hunted and sorely tried,
E'en woman rebuked and prophesied,
And soft words rarely answered back
The grim persuasion of whip and rack !

"If her cry from the whipping-post and jail
Pierced sharp as the Ken'te's driven nail,
O woman, at ease in these happier days,
Forbear to judge of thy sister's ways !

"How much thy beautiful life may owe
To her faithful courage thou canst not know,
Nor how from the paths of thy calm retreat
She smoothed the thorns with her bleeding feet."

"The usage Elizabeth Hooton met with I can't pass by in silence," writes one* who knew her, "because of her age, being about sixty, who hearing of the wickedness committed by those of New England, was moved to make a voyage to America. In order thereto she went from England in the year 1661, having one Joan Broksup with her, a woman near as aged as herself, who freely resolved to be her companion ; and because they could not find a master of a ship that was willing to carry them to New England, because of the fine for every Quaker that was brought thither, they set sail towards Virginia, where they met with a ketch which carried them part of the way, and then they went the rest by land, *and so*

* William Sewel, the historian.

at length came to Boston. But there they could not soon find a place of reception, because of the penalty on those that received a Quaker into their houses. Yet at length a woman received them. Next day they went to the prison to visit their friends; but the gaoler, altogether unwilling to let them in, carried them to the Governor, Endicott, who, with much scurrilous language, called them 'witches,' and asked Elizabeth 'What she came for?' To which she answered: 'To do the will of Him that sent me.' And he demanded: 'What was that?' She replied: 'To warn thee of shedding any more innocent blood.' To which he returned 'that he would hang more yet;' but she told him 'he was in the hands of the Lord, who could take him away first.' After consultation they were carried two days' journey into the wilderness, among wolves and bears; but by Providence they got to Rhode Island, where they took ship for Barbados and from thence *returned to Boston.* But then they were put into a ship which carried them to Virginia, from whence Elizabeth departed to Old England, where she staid some time in her own habitation. But it came upon *her to visit New England again*; and so she did, taking her daughter, Elizabeth, with her. And being arrived, those of the magistrates that were present would have fined the master of the ship an hundred pounds for bringing her over contrary to their law. But he telling them that Elizabeth had been with the King, and that she had liberty from him to come thither to buy her a house, this so puzzled these snarling persecutors that

they found themselves at a loss, and thus were stopped from seizing the master's goods. . . . Being brought to the Court (at Cambridge), they ordered her to be sent out of their coasts, and to be whipped at three towns, with ten stripes at each. . . . Then she was put on horse-back and carried many miles into the wilderness."

But why continue this sad picture? This historian concludes: "After this Elizabeth was whipped again at a cart's-tail in Boston and other places, where she came to see her friends; since which I have several times seen her in England in a good condition."

We, who live in this peaceful age of religious liberty, little realize how much we owe to the brave, earnest women, who were willing to lay down their lives, if need be, for the cause of truth and righteousness.

They "had trial of cruel mockings and scourgings, yea, moreover of bonds and imprisonment. . . . They wandered in deserts, and in mountains, and in dens and caves of the earth." . . . Of whom the world was not worthy."—Heb., xi, 36:38.

"Wherefore seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so early beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us, Looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith, who for the joy that was set before Him, endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God."—Heb., xii, 1:2.

THOMAS ELLWOOD

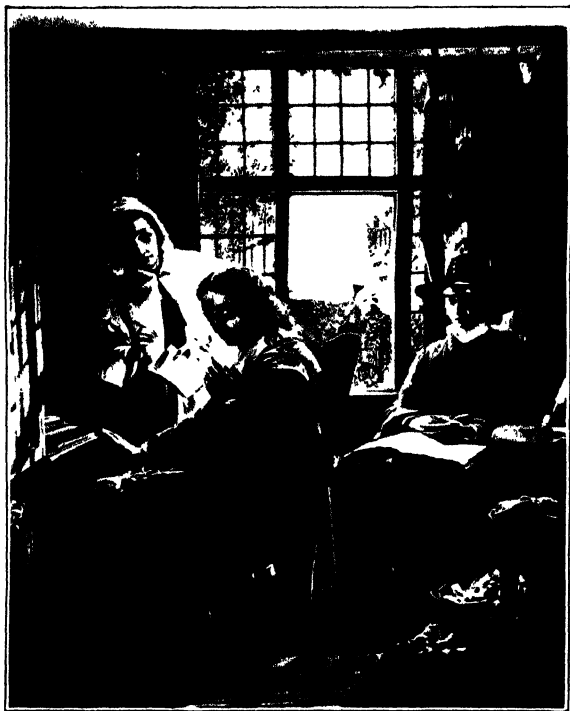
(1639–1715)

"A man to whom the Lord had given a large capacity beyond many, and furnished him with an excellent gift, whereby he was qualified for those services in the Church, in the performance of which he did shine as a star, which received its lustre and brightness from the glorious Son of Righteousness."

Testimony from the Monthly Meeting at Hunger Hill,
concerning Thomas Ellwood.

"Thomas Ellwood was a man who served the Lord in faithfulness, and His people with cheerfulness, and his neighbors with uprightness and integrity."

George Bowles.



MILTON DICTATING TO HIS DAUGHTER

(Much literary interest will always attach to this and the succeeding illustration, and to the entire story of Ellwood's association with Milton.)

To face p. 63

THOMAS ELLWOOD.

A PICTURE OF LIFE IN ENGLAND IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.*

I was born in the year of our Lord 1639, about the beginning of the Eighth Month, so far as I have been able to inform myself. The place of my birth was a little country town called Crowell, situated in the upper side of Oxfordshire, three miles eastward from Thame, the nearest market-town.

My father's name was Walter Ellwood and my mother's maiden name was Elizabeth Potman. When I was but about two years old, I was taken to London, for the civil war between King and Parliament breaking then forth, my father, who favoured the Parliament side, went to London, that city then holding for the Parliament.

In this time my parents made an acquaintance and intimate friendship with the Lady Springett, who being then the widow of Sir William Springett, who died in the Parliament service, was afterwards the wife of Isaac Penington, eldest son of Alderman Penington, of London.

* Selected and adapted from "*The History of Thomas Ellwood*," written by himself.

And this friendship extending from the parents to the children, I became an early and particular play-fellow to her daughter, Gulielma; being admitted, as such, to ride with her in her little coach, drawn by her footman about Lincoln's Inn Fields.

When the war was thought to be over, my father returned to his estate at Crowell. My older brother (for I had one brother and two sisters, all elder than myself), was, while we lived in London, boarded at a private school in the house of one Francis Atkinson, at a place called Hadley, near Barnet, in Hertfordshire, where he had made some good progress in the Latin and French languages. But after we had left the city and were resettled in the country, he was taken from that private school and sent to the free school at Thame, in Oxfordshire. Thither also was I sent as soon as my tender age would permit; for I was indeed but young when I went, and yet seemed younger than I was, by reason of my low and little stature. For it was held for some years a doubtful point whether I should not have proved a dwarf. But after I was arrived at the fifteenth year of my age, or thereabouts, I began to shoot up, and gave not up growing till I had attained the middle size and stature of men.

At this school, which at that time was a good one, I advanced rapidly, having then a natural turn for learning; so that at the first reading over of my lesson, I commonly made myself master of it, and yet, which is strange to think of, few boys in the school wore out more birch than I. For though I was never,

that I remember, whipped upon the score of not having my lesson ready, or of not saying it well, yet being a little busy boy, full of spirit, of a working head and active hand, I could not easily conform myself to the grave and sober rules and, as I then thought, severe orders of the school.

Had I been continued at this school, and in due time promoted to a higher, I might in likelihood have been a scholar, for I was observed to have a genius apt to learn. But my father having removed my brother from Thame school to Merton College in Oxford, and entered him there in the highest and most chargeable condition of a Fellow Commoner, he found it needful to reduce his expenses elsewhere, the hurt of which fell upon me. For he thereupon took me from school, to save the charge of keeping me there, which was somewhat like plucking green fruit from the tree, and laying it by before it was come to its due ripeness, which will thenceforth shrink and wither, and lose that little juice and relish which it began to have.

Even so it fared with me. For being taken home when I was but young, and before I was well settled in my studies (though I had made a good progress in the Latin tongue, and was entered in the Greek), being left too much to myself, or to ply or play with my books, or without them, as I pleased, I soon shook hands with my books by shaking my books out of my hands, and laying them by degrees quite aside, and gave myself to such youthful sports and pleasures as the place afforded and my condition could reach unto.

By this means in a little time I began to lose that little learning I had acquired at school, and by a continued disuse of my books became at length so utterly a stranger to learning that I could not have read, far less have understood, a sentence in Latin; which I was so sensible of that I warily avoided reading to others, even in an English book, least if I should meet with a Latin word I should shame myself by mispronouncing it.

My father being in the Commission of the Peace, and going to a Petty Sessions at Watlington one day, I waited on him thither. And when we came near the town, the coachman, seeing a nearer and easier way (than the common road) through a corn-field, and that it was wide enough for the wheels to run without damaging the corn, turned down there, which being observed by a husbandman who was at plough not far off, he ran to us, and stopping the coach, poured forth a mouthful of complaints, in none of the best language, for driving over the corn. My father mildly answered him: "That if there was an offence committed, he must rather blame it to his servant than himself, since he neither directed him to drive that way, nor knew which way he drove." Yet added: "That he was going to such an inn at the town, whither if he came he would make him full satisfaction for whatsoever damage he had sustained thereby." And so on we went, the man venting his discontent, as he went back, in angry accents. At the town, upon inquiry, we understood that it was a way often used, and without damage, being broad

enough ; but it was not the common road, which yet lay not far from it, and was also good enough ; wherefore my father bid his man drive home that way.

It was late in the evening when we returned and very dark ; and this quarrelsome man, who had troubled himself and us in the morning, having gotten another lusty fellow like himself to assist him, waylaid us in the night, expecting we would return the same way we came. But when they found we did not, but took the common way, they, angry that they were disappointed, and loth to lose their purpose (which was to trouble us), coasted over to us in the dark and, laying hold on the horses' bridles, stopped them from going on. My father, asking his man what the reason was that he went not on, was answered, that there were two men at the horses' heads who held them back, and would not suffer them to go forward. Whereupon my father, opening the boot, stepped out, and I followed close at his heels. Going up to the place where the men stood, he demanded of them the meaning of this assault. They said we were upon the corn. We knew by the route we were not on the corn, but in the common way, and told them so ; but they told us they were resolved they would not let us go on any further, but would make us go back again. My father endeavored by gentle reasoning to persuade them to forbear, and not run themselves farther into the danger of the law, which they were run too far into already ; but they rather derided him for it. Seeing therefore fair means would not work upon them, he spake more roughly to them, charging them to de-

liver their clubs (for each of them had a great club in his hand, somewhat like those which are called quarter-staves); they thereupon, laughing, told him they did not bring them thither for that end. Thereupon my father, turning his head to me, said: "Tom, disarm them."

I stood ready at his elbow, waiting only for the word of command. For being naturally of a bold spirit, full then of youthful heat, and that too heightened by the sense I had, not only of the abuse, but insolent behaviour of those rude fellows, my blood began to boil, and my fingers itched, as the saying is, to be dealing with them. Wherefore, stepping boldly forward to lay hold on the staff of him that was nearest to me, I said: "Sirrah, deliver your weapon." He thereupon raised his club, which was big enough to have knocked down an ox, intending, no doubt, to have knocked me down with it, as probably he would have done, had I not, in the twinkling of an eye, whipped out my rapier and made a pass upon him. I could not have failed running of him through up to the hilt had he stood his ground, but the sudden and unexpected sight of my bright blade glittering in the dark night, did so amaze and terrify the man that, slipping aside, he avoided my thrust and, letting his staff sink, betook himself to his heels for safety; which his companion seeing, fled also. I followed the former as fast as I could, but fear gave him wings, and made him swiftly fly; so that, although I was accounted very nimble, yet the farther we ran the more ground he gained on me; so that I could not overtake him,

which made me think he took shelter under some bush which he knew where to find, though I did not. Meanwhile, the coachman, who had sufficiently the outside of a man, excused himself from intermeddling under pretence that he durst not leave his horses, and so left me to shift for myself, and I was gone so far beyond my knowledge that I understood not which way I was to go, till by halloing, and being halloed to again, I was directed where to find my company.

At that time, and for a good while after, I had no regret upon my mind for what I had done, and designed to have done, in this case, but went on in a sort of bravery, resolving to kill if I could any man that should make the like attempt or put any affront on us; and for that reason seldom went afterwards upon those public services without a loaded pistol in my pocket. But when it pleased the Lord, in His infinite goodness, to call me out of the spirit and ways of the world and give me the knowledge of His saving truth, whereby the actions of my fore-past life were set in order before me, a sort of horror seized on me when I considered how near I had been to the staining of my hands with human blood.

And whensoever afterwards I went that way, and indeed as often since as the matter has come into my remembrance, my soul has blessed the Lord for my deliverance, and thanksgivings and praises have arisen in my heart to Him who preserved and withheld me from shedding man's blood. Which is the reason for which I have given this account of that action, that others may be warned by it.

About this time my dear and honoured mother, who was indeed a woman of singular worth and virtue, departed this life, having a little before heard of the death of her eldest son.

Having heard that Isaac Penington, Esq., who had married Lady Springett, had come to live upon their own estate at Chalfont in Buckinghamshire, about fifteen miles from Crowell, my father went one day to visit them there, and to return at night, taking me with him.

But very much surprised we were when, being come thither, we first heard, then found they were become Quakers; a people we had no knowledge of, and a name we had till then scarce heard of.

So great a change, from a free, gentle, and courtly sort of behaviour, which we formerly had found them in, to so strict a gravity as they now received us with, did not a little amuse us, and disappoint our expectation of such a pleasant visit as we used to have, and had now promised ourselves.

I sought and at length found means to come into the company of the daughter, whom I found gathering some flowers in the garden, attended by her maid, who was also a Quaker. But when I addressed myself to her after my usual manner, though she treated me politely, yet as young as she was, the soberness of her look and behaviour struck such an awe upon me that I found myself not so much master of myself as to continue talking with her. Wherefore, asking pardon for my boldness in having intruded myself into her private walks, I withdrew, not without some disorder (as I thought, at least) of mind.

We stayed to dinner, which was very handsome and lacked nothing to recommend it to me, but the want of mirth and pleasant conversation, which we could neither have with them, nor by reason of them, with one another amongst ourselves—their serious manner keeping down the lightness that would have been up in us.

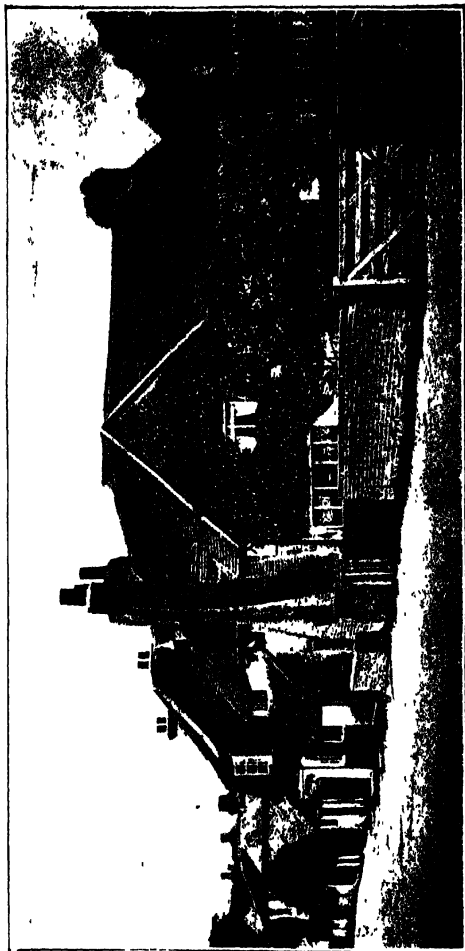
Some time after this, my father having gotten some further account of the people called Quakers, and being desirous to be informed concerning their principles, made another visit to Isaac Penington and his wife, at their house called the Grange, in Peter's Chalfont, and took both my sisters and me with him.

It was in the Tenth Month, in the year 1659, that we went thither, where we found a very kind reception, and tarried some days: one day at least the longer, for that while we were there a meeting was appointed at a place about a mile from thence, to which we were invited to go, and willingly went. It was held in a farm-house called the Grove, which having formerly been a gentleman's seat, had a very large hall, and that well filled. To this meeting came Edward Burrough, besides other preachers, as Thomas Curtis and James Nayler, but none spoke there at that time but Edward Burrough, next to whom, as it were under him, it was my lot to sit on a stool by the side of a long table on which he sat; and I drank in his words with desire; for they not only answered my understanding, but warmed my heart with a certain heat, which I had not till then felt from the ministry of any man.

When the meeting was ended, our friends took us home with them again; and after supper, the evenings being long, the servants of the family (who were Quakers) were called in, and we all sat down in silence. But long we had not so sat before Edward Burrough began to speak among us.

The next morning we prepared to return home, and when, having taken our leaves of our friends, we went forth, they with Edward Burrough accompanying us to the gate, he there spoke a few words to each of us. That which he said to me, or rather the spirit in which he spoke it, took such fast hold on me that I felt sadness and trouble come over me, though I did not distinctly understand what I was troubled for. Soon after this visit I had a desire to go to another meeting of the Quakers, and bade my father's man inquire if there was any in the country thereabouts. He told me he had heard at Isaac Penington's that there was to be a meeting at High Wycombe on Thursday next.

Thither therefore I went, though it was seven miles from me; and that I might be rather thought to go out riding than to a meeting, I let my greyhound run by my horse's side. When I came there, and had set up my horse at an inn, I was at a loss how to find the house where the meeting was to be. But I had not stood long ere I saw a horseman riding along the street, whom I remembered I had seen before at Isaac Penington's, and he put up his horse at the same inn. Therein therefore I resolved to follow him, supposing he was going to the meeting, as indeed he was.



MILTON'S COTTAGE, CHALEFONT ST. GILES. (see page 40.)

("Some little time before I went to Aylesbury Prison, I was desired by my quondam master, Milton, to take a house for him in the neighborhood in which I dwelt, that he might go out of the city for the safety of himself and family, the pestilence (plague) then growing hot in London, so I took a pretty box for him in Giles Chalfont, a mile from me."—Ellwood's "*Journal*," p. 179)

Being come to the house, which proved to be John Raunce's, I saw the people sitting together in an outer room; wherefore I stepped in and sat down on the first vacant seat, the end of a bench just within the door, having my sword by my side and black clothes on, which drew some eyes upon me. It was not long before one stood up and spoke, whom I was afterwards well acquainted with; his name was Samuel Thornton, and what he said was very suitable and of good service to me, for it reached home as if it had been directed to me.

As soon as ever the meeting was ended and the people began to rise, I, being next the door, stepped out quickly and, hastening to my inn, took horse immediately homeward, and (so far as I remember), my having been gone was not taken notice of by my father.

This latter meeting was like the clinching of a nail, confirming and fastening in my mind those good principles which had sunk into me at the former. My understanding began to open, and I felt some stirring in my heart, tending to the work of a new creation in me. I was now required by the inward guide to put away the evil of my doings, and to cease to do evil.

I had not the evil of profaneness and other great wickedness of the world to put away, because I had, through the great goodness of God and a civil education, been preserved out of those grosser evils, yet I had many other evils to put away and to cease from. I had taken too much delight and pride in the vanity of apparel. Wherefore, in obedience to the inward

guide, I took off from my apparel those unnecessary trimmings of lace, ribbons, and useless buttons, which had no real service, but were set on only for that which was by mistake called ornament; and I ceased to wear rings. Again the giving of flattering titles to men between whom and me there was not any relation to which such titles could be pretended to belong—this was an evil I had been much used to, and was accounted a ready artist in; therefore this evil also I was required to put away and cease from. So that thenceforward I durst not say Sir, Master, My Lord, Madam (or My Dame); or say Your Servant to any one to whom I did not stand in the real relation of a servant, which I had never done to any. Again the corrupt and unsound form of speaking in the plural number to a single person, *you* to one instead of *thou*, contrary to the pure, plain and single language of truth, *thou* to one and *you* to more than one, which had always been used by God to men and men to God, as well as one to another, from the oldest record of time till corrupt men, for corrupt ends, in later and corrupt times, to flatter, fawn, and work upon the corrupt nature in men, brought in that false and senseless way of speaking *you* to one, which has since corrupted the modern languages.

But as to myself and the work begun in me, I found it was not enough for me to cease to do evil, though that was a good and a great step. I had another lesson before me, which was to learn to do well; which I could by no means do till I had given up with full purpose of mind to cease from doing evil.

I read abundantly from the Bible, and would set myself tasks in reading, enjoining myself to read so many chapters, sometimes a whole book or long epistle at a time. And I thought that time well spent, though I was not much the wiser for what I had read, reading it too hastily, and without the true Guide, the Holy Spirit, which alone could open the understanding and give the true sense of what was read.

I prayed often, and drew out my prayers to a great length, and appointed unto myself certain set times to pray at, and a certain number of prayers to say in a day ; I knew not meanwhile what true prayer was, which stands not in words, except the words which are uttered in the movings of the Holy Spirit, who maketh intercession sometimes in words and sometimes with sighs and groans only, which the Lord does hear and answer.

This will-worship that is performed in the will of man and not in the movings of the Holy Spirit was a great hurt to me and hindrance of my spiritual growth in the way of truth. But my Heavenly Father, who knew the sincerity of my soul to Him and the hearty desire I had to serve Him, had compassion on me, and in due time was graciously pleased to illuminate my understanding further, and to open in me an eye to discern the false spirit and its way of working from the true, and to reject the former and cleave to the latter.

About this time my father sent me on business to Oxford, where the general Quarter Sessions for the Peace was coming on. When I had set up my horse

I went directly to the hall where the sessions were held, where I had been but a very little while before; some of my old acquaintances, seeing me, came to me. One of these was a scholar in his gown, another a surgeon of that city (both my schoolfellows and fellow-boarders at Thame School), and the third a country gentleman with whom I had long been very familiar.

When they were come up to me they all saluted me after the usual manner, pulling off their hats and bowing, and saying, "Your humble servant, sir," expecting no doubt the like from me. But when they saw me stand still, not moving my cap, nor bowing my knee in way of congee to them, they were amazed, and looked first one upon another, then upon me, and then one upon another again, for a while, without speaking a word. At length the surgeon, a brisk young man, who stood nearest to me, clapped his hand in a familiar way upon my shoulder, and smiling on me, said: "What, Tom! a Quaker?" To which I readily and cheerfully answered: "Yes, a Quaker." And as the words passed out of my mouth I felt joy spring in my heart; for I rejoiced that I had not been drawn out by them to do as they did, and that I had strength and boldness given me to confess myself to be one of that despised people.

But though I had found peace and acceptance with the Lord in some good degree, according to my obedience to the teachings I had received by His Holy Spirit in me, I was still doubtful as to my conduct towards my father. The notion which the enemy

had brought into my mind that I ought to act differently to my father than to others, both in gesture and language, because he was my father, was yet in my mind.

So that when I came home I went to my father bareheaded, as I used to do, and gave him a particular account of the business he had given me to do, in such a manner that he, observing no alteration in my carriage towards him, found no cause to take offence at me.

I had felt for some time before an earnest desire to go again to Isaac Penington's, and I began to question whether, when my father should come to understand I inclined to settle among the people called Quakers, he would allow me the use of his horses as before.

Wherefore, in the morning when I went to Oxford I gave directions to a servant of his to go that day to a gentleman of my acquaintance, who I knew had a riding nag to put off either by sale or to be kept for his work, and desired him, in my name, to send him to me; which he did, and I found him in the stable when I came home.

On this nag I planned to ride next day to Isaac Penington's, and so arose betimes and got myself ready for the journey; but because I would pay all due respect to my father, and not go without his consent, or knowledge at the least, I sent one up to him (for he was not yet stirring) to acquaint him that I expected to go to Isaac Penington's, and desired to know if he pleased to give me any message to them.

He sent me word he would speak with me before I went, and would have me come up to him, which I did, and stood by his bedside.

Then, in a mild and gentle tone, he said : " I understand you have a mind to go to Mr. Penington's." I answered : " I have so." " Why," said he, " I wonder why you should. You were there, you know, but a few days ago, and unless you had business with them, don't you think it will look oddly ?" I said : " I thought not." " I doubt," said he, " you'll tire them with your company, and make them think they shall be troubled with you." " If," replied I, " I find anything of that, I'll make the shorter stay." " But," said he, " can you propose any sort of business with them more than a mere visit ?" " Yes," said I, " I hope not only to see them, but to have some conversation with them." " Why," said he, in a tone a little harsher, " I hope you don't want to be of their way." " Truly," answered I, " I like them and their way very well, so far as I yet understand it ; and I am willing to go to them that I may understand it better."

Then he began to reckon up a list of faults against the Quakers, telling me they were a rude, unmannerly people, that would not give civil respect or honor to their superiors, no not to magistrates; that they held many dangerous principles, and that they were an immodest, shameless people.

To all the charges I answered only " that perhaps they might be either misreported or misunderstood, as the best of people had sometimes been."

This put my father to a stand, so that, letting fall his charges against the Quakers, he only said: "I would wish you not to go so soon, but take a little time to think of it; you may visit Mr. Penington hereafter." "Nay, sir," replied I, "please don't hinder me going now, for I have so strong a desire to go that I do not well know how to give it up." And as I spoke those words I withdrew gently to the chamber door, and then hastening down stairs went immediately to the stable, where finding my horse ready bridled, I forthwith mounted, and went off, lest I should receive a countermand.

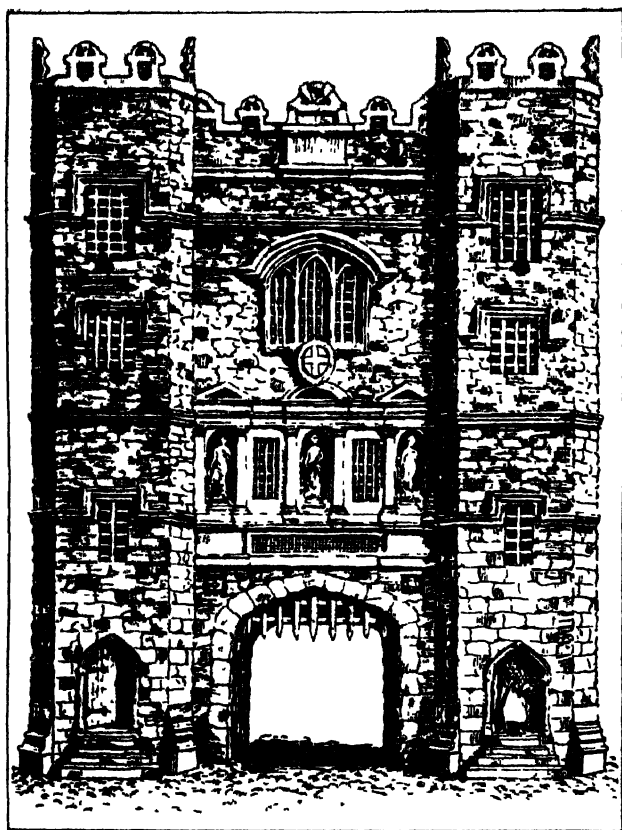
This talk with my father had delayed me in my journey, and it being fifteen long miles thither, the ways bad and my nag but small, it was in the afternoon that I got there. And understanding by the servant that took my horse that there was then a meeting in the house, I hastened in, and knowing the rooms, went directly to the little parlour, where I found a few Friends sitting together in silence, and I sat down among them well satisfied, though without any words spoken. When the meeting was ended, and those of the company who were strangers had gone, I spoke to Isaac Penington and his wife, who received me courteously. But as they came to see a change in me, not in dress only, but in gesture, speech, and manner, and, which was more, in countenance also, they were exceedingly kind and tender towards me. When I came home, I understood my father was from home; wherefore I sat down by the fire in the kitchen.

After some time I heard the coach drive in, which put me into a little fear, and a sort of shivering came over me. But by the time he was alighted and came in, I had pretty well recovered myself, and as soon as I saw him I rose up and went a step or two towards him, with my head covered, and said: "Isaac Pennington and his wife remember their loves to thee."

He made a stop to hear what I said, and observing that I did not stand bareheaded, and that I used the word *thee* to him, he, with a stern countenance and tone that spake high displeasure, only said: "I shall talk with you, sir, another time;" and so hastening from me, went into the parlour, and I saw him no more that night.

I wished to go to Oxford on the morrow, having heard there was a meeting there. So, having ordered my horse to be made ready early, I got up in the morning and made myself ready. Yet before I would go, I asked my sister to go up to my father in his chamber, and tell him that I had a mind to go to Oxford. He bid her tell me he would not have me go till he had spoken with me; and getting up immediately, he hastened down to me before he was quite dressed.

As soon as he saw me standing with my hat on he became very angry, and fell upon me with both his fists, and having by that means somewhat vented his anger, he pulled off my hat and threw it away. Then stepping hastily out to the stable and seeing my borrowed nag standing ready saddled and bridled, he asked his man whence that horse came, who telling



ENTRANCE TO NEWGATE PRISON.
(Frequently mentioned in narratives of early persecution)

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him he fetched it from Mr. Such-an-one's. "Then ride him back at once," said my father, "and tell Mr. ——— I desire he will never lend my son a horse again unless he brings a note from me."

The poor fellow, who loved me well, would fain have made excuses and delays; but my father was so urgent, he would not stir from the stable till he had seen the man mounted and gone.

Then coming in, he went up into his chamber to make himself more fully ready, thinking he had me safe enough now my horse was gone; for I took so much delight in riding that I seldom went on foot.

But while he was dressing himself in his chamber, I changing my boots for shoes, took another hat, and acquainting my sister—who loved me very well, and whom I could confide in—whither I meant to go, went out privately and walked away to Wycombe, having seven long miles thither, which yet seemed little and easy to me from the desire I had to be among Friends.

Next morning my sister sent a man (whom for his love to me she knew she could trust) to give me account of my father's grief for me since my going away, and though she sent me also fresh linen for my use, in case I should go farther or stay out longer, yet she desired me to come home as soon as I could.

When I came home, I came in by the back way into the kitchen, where my father was surprised to find me. The sight of my hat upon my head made him forget that I was that son of his whom he had so lately lamented as lost; and his passion of grief turning into anger, he could not contain himself, but

running upon me with both his hands, first violently snatched off my hat and threw it away, then giving me some buffets on my head, he said: "Sirrah, get you up to your chamber."

This was a strange thing, that my father should but a day before express so high a sorrow for me, as fearing he should never see me any more, and yet now, as soon as he did see me, should fly upon me with such violence, and that only because I did not put off my hat, which he knew I did not put on in disrespect to him, but upon a religious principle. But as this hat-honour was grown to be a great idol, in those times more especially, so the Lord was pleased to engage His servants in a steady testimony against it, what suffering soever was brought upon them for it.

After this I went up into my chamber, and cried unto the Lord, earnestly praying Him that He would be pleased to open my father's eyes, that he might see whom he fought against and for what, and that He would turn his heart. After this I had a pretty time of rest and quiet from these disturbances, my father not saying anything to me, or giving me occasion to say anything to him.

At length it pleased the Lord that Isaac Penington and his wife should make a visit to my father, and see how it fared with me; and very welcome they were to me, whatever they were to him, to whom I doubt not but they would have been more welcome had it not been for me.

After dinner next day, when they were ready to take coach to return home, she desired my father,

that since my company was so little acceptable to him, he would give me leave to go and spend some time with them, where I should be sure to be welcome.

He was very unwilling I should go, and made many objections against it, all which she answered and removed so clearly, that not finding what excuse further to make, he at length left it to me, and I soon turned the scale for going. Great was the love and manifold the kindness which I received from these my worthy friends, Isaac and Mary Penington, while I lived in their family. They were indeed as affectionate parents and tender nurses to me in this time of my religious childhood. The time I stayed with them was so well spent, that it not only yielded great satisfaction to my mind, but turned in good measure to my spiritual advantage in the truth.

After I had stayed with them some six or seven weeks, I took my leave of them to depart home, intending to walk to Wycombe in one day and from thence home in another.

When I came home, I did not see my father until the next day, when I went into the parlour where he was, to take my usual place at dinner. As soon as I came in I saw by my father's face that my hat was still an offence to him. But when I sat down and before I had eaten anything, he said to me in a milder tone than he had formerly used to speak to me in: 'If you cannot content yourself to come to dinner without your hive on your head (so he called my hat) pray rise, and go take your dinner somewhere else.'

Upon these words I arose from the table, and

leaving the room went into the kitchen, where I stayed till the servants went to dinner, and then sat down very contentedly with them. Yet I suppose my father might intend that I should have gone into some other room, and there have eaten by myself; but I chose rather to eat with the servants, and did so from thenceforward so long as he and I lived together. And from this time he rather chose, as I thought, to avoid seeing me than to renew the quarrel about my hat. My sisters being satisfied that I acted upon a principle of religion and conscience, behaved very kindly to me, and did what they could to lessen my father's feelings against me, so I now enjoyed much more quiet at home and could go away amongst my friends more than I had done before.

My father used to have all the keys of the outdoors of his house (which were four, and those linked upon a chain) brought up into his chamber every night and brought out in the morning, so that none could come in or go out in the night without his knowledge.

One day I feared that if I got not out before my father came down, I should be stopped from going out at all. Wherefore I went down softly without my shoes, and as soon as the maid opened the door I went out (though too early) and walked towards the meeting at Meadle, four long miles off. I expected to have been talked with about it when I came home, but heard nothing of it, my father resolving to watch me better next time. This I knew, and therefore on the next First-day I got up early, went down softly

and hid myself in a back room before the maid was stirring. When she was up she went into my father's chamber for the keys; but he bade her leave them till he was up and he would bring them down himself, which he did and tarried in the kitchen, through which he expected I would go. After the common doors were opened the keys hung upon a pin in the hall. While my father stayed in the kitchen expecting my coming, I, stepping gently out of the room where I was, reached the keys, and opening another door, not often used, slipped out, and so got away. I had gone but a little way before I saw my father coming after me. Had it been in any other case than that of going to a meeting I could not in any wise have gone a step farther. But I thought the intention of my father to stop me was to hinder me from obeying the call of my Heavenly Father, and to stop me from going to worship Him in the assembly of His people; upon this I found it my duty to go on, and observing that my father gained ground upon me, I somewhat mended my pace. This he observing mended his pace also, and at length ran. Whereupon I ran also, and a fair course we had through a large meadow of his which lay behind his house and out of sight of the town. He was not, I suppose, then above fifty years of age, and being light of body and nimble of foot, he held me to it for a while. But afterwards slackening his pace to take breath, and seeing that I had gotten ground of him, he turned back and went home; and as I afterwards understood, telling my sisters how I

had served him, he said: "Nay, if he will take so much pains to go, let him go if he will." And from that time forward he never attempted to stop me.

After my sisters were married and living in London, while I was yet at home, I was seized with an illness which proved to be the small-pox.

When I was well enough to go out with respect to my own health and the safety of others, I went up to my friend Isaac Penington's at Chalfont, and stayed there some time for the airing myself more fully, that I might be more fit for conversation.

When I came amongst the Quakers I felt my loss in my education, and applied myself with diligence to recover it.

Isaac Penington had an intimate acquaintance with Dr. Paget, a physician of note in London, and he with John Milton, a gentleman of great note for learning throughout the learned world, for the accurate pieces he had written on various subjects and occasions. John Milton lived now a private and retired life in London, and having wholly lost his sight, kept always a man to read to him, which usually was the son of some gentleman of his acquaintance, whom in kindness he took to improve in his learning.

So through the influence of my friend, Isaac Penington, with Dr. Paget, and of Dr. Paget with John Milton, was I admitted to come to him, not as a servant to him (which at that time he needed not), nor to be in the house with him, but only to have the liberty of coming to his house at certain hours when I

would, and to read to him what books he should appoint me, which was all the favour I desired.

After arranging to take my leave of Crowell, I went up to my sure friend, Isaac Penington, again ; there I understood that I might come to John Milton when I would, so I hastened to London, and in the first place went to wait upon him.

He received me courteously, as well for the sake of Dr. Paget who introduced me, as of Isaac Penington who recommended me ; to both whom he bore a good respect. I took a lodging as near to his house as conveniently I could, and from thenceforward went every day in the afternoon, except on the first days of the week, and sitting by him in his dining-room, read to him in such books in the Latin tongue as he pleased to hear me read.

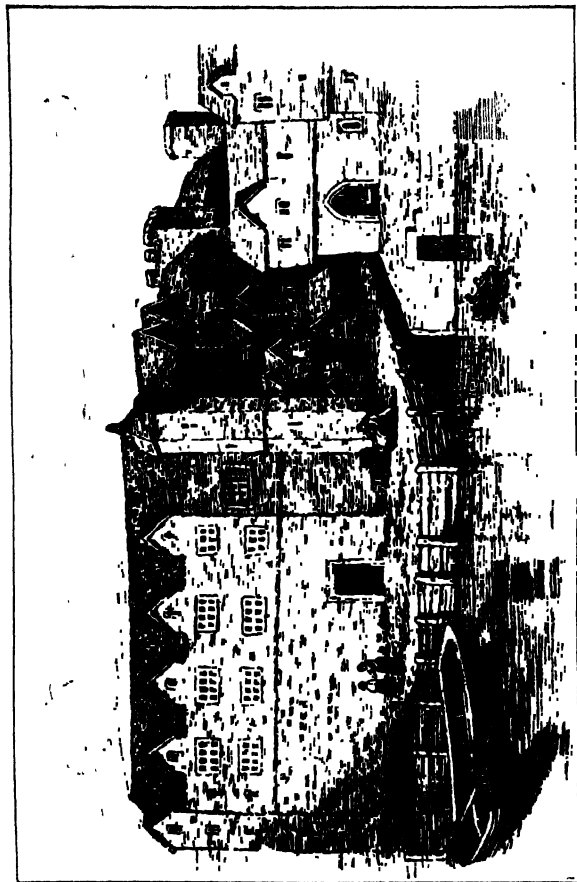
John Milton perceiving with what earnest desire I pursued learning, gave me not only all the encouragement but all the help he could ; for having a curious ear he understood by my tone when I understood what I read and when I did not ; and accordingly would stop me, examine me, and open the most difficult passages to me. Thus went I on for about six weeks' time, reading to him in the afternoon ; and exercising myself with my own books in my chamber in the forenoons, I was sensible of an improvement.

But alas ! I had fixed my studies in a wrong place. London and I could never agree for health, and in less than two months' time I had to leave both my studies and the city, and return into the country to preserve life.

As soon as I had recovered so much strength as to be fit to travel, I soon returned to my studies at London. I was very kindly received by my master, who had conceived so good an opinion of me that my conversation, I found, was acceptable to him, and he seemed heartily glad of my recovery and return; and into our old method of study we fell again, I reading to him and he explaining to me, as occasion required.

On the 26th day of the Eighth Month, 1662, I was at the meeting at the "Bull and Mouth," by Aldersgate, when on a sudden a party of soldiers (of the trained bands of the city) rushed in with noise and clamour, being led by one who was called Major Rosewell, an apothecary, and at that time under the ill name of a Papist. As soon as he was come within the room, having a file or two of musketeers at his heels, he commanded his men to present their muskets at us, which they did with intent, I suppose, to strike a terror into the people. He that commanded the party gave us first a general charge to come out of the room. But we, who came thither at God's requirings, to worship Him, like that good man of old who said: "We ought to obey God rather than men," (Acts 5, 29), stirred not, but kept our places. Whereupon he sent some of his soldiers among us, with command to drag or drive us out, which they did roughly enough. When he had gotten as many as he could or thought fit, which were in number thirty-two, he marched us to Bridewell prison.

An excellent order, even in those early days, was practised among the Friends of London, by which



OLD BRIDEWELL PRISON, LONDON.

To face p 84.

there were certain Friends of either sex appointed to have the oversight of the prisons in every quarter, and to take care of all Friends, the poor especially, that should be committed thither. This prison of Bridewell was under the care of two honest, grave, discreet and motherly women, whose names were Anne Merrick and Anne Travers, both widows. They, so soon as they understood that there were Friends brought into that prison, provided some hot victuals, meat and broth, for the weather was cold; and ordering their servants to bring it them, with bread and cheese, came themselves also with it, and having placed it on a table, gave notice to us that it was provided for all those that had not others to provide for them, or were not able to provide for themselves.

After being at liberty from prison, I visited my worthy friends, Isaac Penington and his virtuous wife, with other friends in that country. Isaac Penington had at that time two sons and one daughter, all then very young. He was very desirous to have them well educated in the English language. Their teacher having taken his leave of them, Isaac Penington had not yet found a new one. One evening as we sat together by the fire, he asked me if I would be so kind to him as to stay a while with him till he could hear of such a man as he aimed at, and in the meantime enter his children in the study of Latin. I consented to the proposal till a more qualified person should be found, without further treaty or mention of terms between us than that of mutual friendship.

John Milton, now living in Giles Chalfont, a mile from me, I soon made a visit to him, to welcome him into the country. After some conversation had passed between us, he called for a manuscript of his, which being brought, he gave to me, to take it home with me, and read it at my leisure; and when I had so done, return it to him with my judgment thereupon.

When I came home, and had set myself to read it, I found it was that excellent poem which he entitled "*Paradise Lost*." After I had, with the best attention, read it through, I made him another visit, and returned him his book, with due acknowledgment of the favour he had done me in letting me read it. He asked me how I liked it, and what I thought of it, which I modestly but freely told him, and after some further talk about it, I pleasantly said to him: "Thou hast said much here of '*Paradise Lost*,' but what hast thou to say of '*Paradise Found*?' " He made me no answer, but sat some time in a muse; then brake off that conversation, and fell upon another subject.

When afterwards I went to see him in London, he showed me his second poem, called "*Paradise Regained*," and in a pleasant tone, said to me: "This is owing to you; for you put it into my head by the question you put to me at Chalfont, which before I had not thought of."

When I had spent seven years with Isaac Penington's family, I found in myself a disposition of mind to change my single life for a married state. I had always entertained so high a regard for marriage, as

it was a divine institution, that I held it not right to make it a sort of trade, to rise in the world by. The object of this affection was a Friend whose name was Mary Ellis, whom for many years I had had an acquaintance with, in the way of common friendship only, and in whom I thought I then saw those fair prints of truth and solid virtue which I afterwards found in a sublime degree in her; but what her condition in the world was as to estate I was wholly a stranger to, nor desired to know. I had once, a year or two before, had an opportunity to do her a small piece of service, which she wanted some assistance in, wherein I acted with all sincerity and freedom of mind, not expecting or desiring any advantage by her, or reward from her, being well satisfied in the act itself that I had served a friend and helped the helpless. That little intercourse of common kindness between us ended without the least thought I am verily persuaded on her part, well assured on my own, of any other or further relation than that of free and fair friendship, nor did it at that time lead us into any closer conversation or more intimate acquaintance one with the other than had been before. But some time, and that a good while after, I found my heart secretly drawn and inclining towards her; yet was I not hasty in proposing, but waited to feel a satisfactory settlement of mind therein before I made any step thereto.

After some time I took an opportunity to open my mind therein unto my much-honoured friends, Isaac and Mary Penington, who then stood in the place or

stead of parents to me. They having solemnly considered the matter, expressed their unity therewith. Yet took I further deliberation, often turning my heart to the Lord, and asking Him for direction, before I spoke to her. At length, as I was sitting all alone, waiting upon the Lord for counsel and guidance in this—in itself and to me—so important affair, I felt a word sweetly arise in me as if I heard a voice which said, “Go, and prevail.” And faith springing in my heart with the word, I immediately arose and went, nothing doubting.

When I was come to her lodgings, which were about a mile from me, her maid told me she was in her chamber, for having been sick she had been obliged to stay in her room, and she had not yet left it; wherefore I desired the maid to tell her mistress that I was come to give her a visit, whereupon I was invited to go up to her. And after some little time spent in common conversation, I solemnly opened my mind unto her with respect to the particular business I came about, which I soon saw was a great surprise to her. I used not many words to her, but I felt a Divine power went along with the words, and fixed the matter expressed by them so fast in her breast that, as she afterwards told me, she could not shut it out.

I made at that time but a short visit; for having told her I did not expect an answer from her now, but desired she would in the most solemn manner consider the proposal made, and in due time give me such an answer as the Lord should give her, I

took my leave of her and departed, leaving the issue to the Lord. I had a journey then at hand, which I thought would take me about two weeks' time. The day before I was to set out, I went to visit her again, to acquaint her with my journey, and excuse my absence, not yet pressing her for an answer, but assuring her that I felt in myself an increase of affection to her, and hoped to receive a suitable return from her in the Lord's time, to whom in the meantime I committed both her, myself, and the concern between us. And indeed I found at my return that I could not have left it in better hands; for the Lord had been my advocate in my absence, and had so far answered all her objections that when I came to her again she rather acquainted me with them than urged them.

From that time forward we entertained each other with affectionate kindness in order to marriage, which yet we did not hasten to, but went on deliberately. Neither did I use those vulgar ways of courtship by making frequent and rich presents, not only because I could not afford the expense, but because I liked not to gain affection by such means.

I had occasion to take another journey into Kent and Sussex to accompany Mary Penington's daughter Guli, who was intending to go to her Uncle Springett's in Sussex, and from thence amongst her tenants. Her mother desired me to accompany her, and assist her in her business with her tenants. We tarried at London the first night, and set out next morning on the Tunbridge road; and Seven Oaks lying in our

way, we put in there to rest ; but truly we had much ado to get either provisions or room for ourselves or our horses, the house was so filled with guests, and those not of the better sort. For the Duke of York being, as we were told, on the road that day for the Wells, several of his guards and the meaner sort of his retinue near filled all the inns there. I left John Gigger, who waited on Guli on this journey, and was afterwards her menial servant, to take care of the horses, while I did the like as well as I could for her. I got a little room to put her into, and having shut her into it, went to see what relief the kitchen would afford us, and with much ado, by praying hard and paying dear, I got a small joint of meat from the spit, which served rather to stay than satisfy our stomachs, for we were all pretty sharp set. After this short repast, being weary of our quarters, we quickly mounted and took the road again, willing to hasten from a place where we found nothing but rudeness. A knot of rude people soon followed us, designing, as we found afterwards, to put an abuse upon us, and make themselves sport with us. We had a spot of fine, smooth sandy way, whereon the horses trod so softly that we heard them not till one of them was upon us. I was then riding abreast with Guli, and talking with her ; when on a sudden, hearing a little noise, and turning my eye that way, I saw a horseman coming up on the further side of her horse, having his left arm stretched out, just ready to take her about the waist and pull her off backwards from her own horse to lay her before him upon his. I had but

just time to thrust forth my stick between him and her, and bid him stand off, and at the same time reining my horse to let hers go before me, thrust in between her and him, and being better mounted than he my horse ran him off. But his horse being, though weaker than mine, yet nimble, he slipped by me and got up to her on the near side, endeavouring to offer abuse to her, to prevent which I thrust in upon him again, and in our jostling we drove her horse quite out of the way and almost into the next hedge. While we were thus contending I heard a noise of loud laughter behind us, and turning my head that way I saw three or four horsemen more, who could scarce sit their horses for laughing to see the sport their companion made with us. From this I saw it was a plot laid, and that this rude fellow was not to be dallied with. He had in his hand a short thick truncheon, which he held up at me, on which laying hold with a strong grip, I suddenly wrenched it out of his hand, and threw it at so far a distance behind me as I could. While he rode back to fetch his truncheon, I called up honest John Gigger, who was indeed a right honest man, and of a temper so thoroughly peaceable that he had not hitherto put in at all; but now I roused him, and bade him ride so close up to his mistress's horse on the further side that no horse might thrust in between, and I would endeavour to guard the near side. But he, good man, not thinking it perhaps decent enough for him to ride so near his mistress, left room enough for another to ride between. And indeed so soon as our brute had recovered his

truncheon, he came up directly thither, and had thrust in again, had not I, by a nimble turn, chopped in upon him and kept him at bay. I then told him I had hitherto spared him, but wished him not to provoke me further. This I spoke with such a tone as bespoke a high resentment of the abuse put upon us, and withal pressed so close upon him with my horse that I suffered him not to come up any more to Guli.

When we came to Tunbridge, I set John Gigger foremost, bidding him lead on briskly through the town, and placing Guli in the middle, I came close up after her that I might both observe and interpose if any fresh abuse should have been offered her.

We had a good way to ride beyond Tunbridge and beyond the Wells, in byways among the woods, and were the later for the hindrance we had had on the way. And when, being come to Harbert Springett's house, Guli acquainted her uncle what danger and trouble she had gone through on the way, he resented it so high that he would have had the persons prosecuted for it; but since Providence had interposed and so well preserved and delivered her, she chose to pass by the offence. When Guli had finished the business she went upon, we returned home, and I delivered her safe to her glad mother.

From that time forward I continued my visits to my best beloved friend until we married, which was on the 28th day of the Eighth Month, called October, in the year 1669. We took each other in a select meeting of the ancient and grave Friends of that country, holden in a Friend's house, where in

those times not only the monthly meeting for business, but the public meeting for worship was sometimes kept. A very solemn meeting it was, and in a weighty frame of spirit we were, in which we sensibly felt the Lord with us and joining us; the sense whereof remained with us all our lifetime, and was of good use and very comfortable to us on all occasions.

My next care after marriage was to secure my wife what moneys she had, and with herself bestowed upon me; for I held it would be an abominable crime in me and savour of the highest ingratitude, if I, though but through negligence, should leave room for my father, in case I should be taken away suddenly, to break in upon her estate, and deprive her of any part of that which had been and ought to be her own.

I had not been long married before I was solicited by my dear friends, Isaac and Mary Penington and her daughter Guli, to take a journey in Kent and Sussex to account with their tenants and overlook their estates in those counties, which before I was married I had had the care of, and accordingly the journey I undertook, though in the depth of winter. My travels into those parts were the more irksome to me from the loneliness I underwent, and want of suitable society.

Having finished my business in Kent, I struck off into Sussex. While there turning my heart to the Lord, in whom I knew all help and strength was, I thus poured forth my supplication, directed

TO THE HOLY ONE.

Eternal God ! preserver of all those
 (Without respect of person or degree)
 Who in Thy faithfulness their trust repose,
 And place their confidence alone in Thee ;
 Be Thou my succour ; for Thou know'st that I
 On Thy protection, Lord, alone rely.
 Surround me, Father, with Thy mighty power,
 Support me daily by Thine holy arm,
 Preserve me faithful in the evil hour,
 Stretch forth Thine hand to save me from all harm.
 Be Thou my helmet, breast-plate, sword, and shield,
 And make my foes before Thy power yield.
 Teach me the spiritual battle so to fight,
 That when the enemy shall me beset,
 Armed cap-a-pie with the armour of Thy light,
 A perfect conquest o'er him I may get ;
 And with Thy battle-axe may cleave the head
 Of him who bites that part whereon I tread.
 Then being from domestic foes set free,
 The cruelties of men I shall not fear ;
 But in Thy quarrel, Lord, undaunted be,
 And for Thy sake the loss of all things bear ;
 Yea, though in dungeon locked, with joy will sing
 An ode of praise to Thee, my God, my King.—T. E.

SUSSEX, the Eleventh Month, 1669.

As soon as I had finished the business I went about, I returned home without delay, and to my great comfort found my wife well, and myself very welcome to her, both which I esteemed as great favours.

Thomas Ellwood lived to be seventy-four years old. The history of his life, written by himself, from which the foregoing extracts have been taken, is not complete. It ends thirty years before his death. A man



HOME OF THOMAS ELLWOOD. HUNGER HILL.

(Soon after Thomas Ellwood's marriage he took his wife to the place known as Hunger or Onger Hill, and this was their home throughout their married life. For almost 40 years one of the Monthly Meetings of Bucking-hamshire was held in this house. It remained standing though in a very forlorn condition, until about 1870, but it is now entirely destroyed.)

named Joseph Wyeth has written a supplement to the "*Autobiography*," which, when contrasted with Ellwood's own history, is rather uninteresting and lifeless. We learn from this that his home soon after his marriage with Mary Ellis was at Hunger Hill in Amersham, not more than twenty miles from the heart of London. His life at Hunger Hill was rather quiet and uneventful; however, had Thomas Ellwood written an account of it, instead of Joseph Wyeth, the story of his later years, I doubt not, would be better known to-day. He was not idle with his pen during these years; on the contrary, many tracts and pamphlets were written by him. Most of these explained some disputed points of doctrine or made more clear certain views and practices of Friends.

One of the most interesting things Thomas Ellwood did was the preparation for publication of George Fox's Journal. George Fox died in 1690, and Thomas Ellwood had such a reputation that the manuscript journal was given to him to be copied and made ready for the press. This was a laborious work, no doubt, but it was worth all the effort and much more. It was printed in large folio, and to it Thomas Ellwood prefixed a short biography of George Fox. He also included the testimony of George Fox's wife and a preface written by William Penn. This first edition is now exceedingly rare.

Joseph Wyeth has done a valuable work in collecting the titles of Thomas Ellwood's papers; and these titles alone give one a fair idea of the kind of sub-

jects the early Friends discussed in their pamphlets. Most of these are of no interest to us now; they are of great value to the antiquarian, however, prized more for their age and authorship than for their contents. Besides these, Thomas Ellwood wrote two interesting books—one, entitled "*A Sacred History*," is the largest book he wrote; in it he gives the history narrated in the Old and New Testaments, using his own style of expression; in some places it is very different from Bible language; he simplifies many historical passages, which are so brief in the Bible as not to be understood by the ordinary reader without notes of explanation. The other book referred to is a long poem called the "*Dauidicis*," being the life of King David of Israel told in rhyme. Ellwood, as we saw, was associated with Milton earlier in life, and it may be that the thought came to him in those days that he too could write in verse. But no one reads Thomas Ellwood's poetry for the beauty of expression or the strength of thought; if he reads it at all, it is because he is fond of Thomas Ellwood, and wants to learn all there is to know about him.

A man whose journal is so rich in remarkable experiences for the first forty-four years of his life, must have had many interesting experiences during the last years as well; but, as has been stated, there is no source from which to draw reliable information. We know that he always remained a true Friend, but of special incidents in his life we know almost nothing.

To have been intimately acquainted with two such men as William Penn and John Milton, and to have

been the original editor of that remarkable book, the *Journal of George Fox*, almost in themselves stamp a man as eminent; but aside from these, Thomas Ellwood is known for the many traits of character that gave him, in his day, a position of great importance among Friends.

He died in 1713, a few years after his wife, and was laid beside her in the little graveyard at Jordan's. Here, thirty-four years before, his good friend, Isaac Penington, had been laid to rest, and four years afterwards William Penn's remains were placed nearby in the same ground. After Thomas Ellwood's death, a friend wrote of him: "His countenance was manly and cheerful; he was grave, yet pleasant and courteous, even to the poorest person. His conversation was innocent, pleasant and instructive, yet he was severe against anything untrue. He was useful as a friend and neighbour, and as a member and elder in the church of Christ, for he devoted his time to these services."

WILLIAM EDMUNDSON

(1627–1712)

"I was weak, but the Lord's strength was perfect in weakness, and His Spirit and power increased in me through obedience to the Cross of Christ."

WILLIAM EDMUNDSON.

THE JOURNAL.

I have just finished the Journal of William Edmundson. It is a large book of more than four hundred pages, heavily bound in rich sheep, after the pattern in vogue when this special edition was published, which was one hundred and thirty-two years ago. My particular copy belonged to the private library of Nicholas Waln, the Quaker lawyer and gifted preacher, and by him it was doubtless often handled.

It is beautifully printed, a volume whose style of workmanship would shame much that comes from the press to-day, which is claimed to be "modern," and therefore better. The paper has become stained with age and dampness; the old-fashioned *s* might annoy a present-day school boy or girl, there is much of the language used that is antiquated, and to the modern notion quite involved, and there is some repetition and mere narration of places and meetings visited; but the story that unfolds as one turns page after page is truly wonderful, and one that I would wish might have a wider range of readers.

The man whose life's history is related in this vol-

ume was no ordinary person. His career was marked from infancy to old age with such a variety of incidents that one cannot fail to follow the narrative with interest. When his long life was almost rounded out, knowing that the shadows were crossing his pathway and that his work was almost done, he arranged his papers and completed the Journal to which I have just alluded, and turning to a Friend who sat by his bedside, he told him that he was full of joy at the thought of how he had spent his time since he left Cromwell's army in 1651, and since the Lord Jesus Christ had called him to the ministry of His Gospel, adding, "We have had many good meetings together; I believe we shall meet in Heaven."

William Edmundson was one of the leaders in his generation. Among the Friends of those early days not one is richer in force of character or in picturesque-ness; his name stands out clear and bright as a character of great strength and great gentleness; and these are the two traits which are rarely lacking in the truly great men and women of any age. Through these leaders have come to us blessings which we share with the people all about us, and we need at times to be aroused, lest others, not their lineal descendants in name and belief as we are, yield them a truer and more willing reverence than we ourselves do.

JOHN WESLEY'S ESTIMATE.

When John Wesley, the founder of the great Methodist Church, was on a religious visit in the north of Ireland in 1765, he wrote this in his diary: "I

preached in the grove at Edenderry ; many of the Quakers were there (it being the time of their General Meeting) and many of all sorts. I met here with the Journal of one of their preachers in the last century. If the original equalled the picture, what an amiable man was this ! What faith, love, gentleness, long suffering !” So wrote the great Methodist preacher, one of the religious leaders of the world, concerning William Edmundson—the man who had carried Quakerism into Ireland, and had been the chief instrument in setting up the first Friends’ Meetings there.

Let us briefly follow his career. He was not born in Ireland. Closely as his name is associated with that country, insomuch that his life’s work there earned him the striking title of “The Hammer of Ireland,” yet his birthplace was a small hamlet in the north of England, called Little Musgrove, amid the wild and beautiful scenery of Westmoreland.

Did you ever consider that the mountainous regions of North England were the homes of very many of the most enthusiastic and outspoken of the early Friends ?

From Westmoreland and Cumberland counties went forth George Whitehead, Edward Burrough, John Burnyeat, Thomas Story, Francis Howgill, John Audland and scores of others, and the prison doors of Appleby and Carlisle often closed behind them, while in the accounts of the sufferings of early Friends which Besse collected and published in two huge folio volumes, these two counties have their full share. When

William Edmundson was born, George Fox was a little fellow under four years of age, and the latter had been dead more than twenty years when William Edmundson's life work was ended. He had lived to be a very old man, fourscore and five years old.

During this long life, after reaching the age of maturity, he was diligently engaged, first as a soldier with carnal weapons in the English army both in England and Scotland, and then afterwards enlisted in the Army of that Master, whose weapons are peace, mercy and long-suffering, and on whose banner are emblazoned the characters of Faith, Hope and Love. He fought many battles to the finish, and gained for himself, his friends and successors, with whom we class ourselves, bloodless victories, which history, now in this twentieth century, is at last willing to record as greater even than those worldly victories which were gained, not without blood, on many a battlefield.

THE CARPENTER.

William Edmundson was born a poor boy ; at the age of four he was left motherless, and an orphan when only eight years of age. Upon the death of his father at this time, the family scattered and he was placed with an uncle, who was severe, unkind and narrow. A few years later the lad welcomed with a joy that could not be natural his release from this home, when he was placed apprentice to a carpenter with whom he learned the trade. Though little in his life thus far had been favorable to the growth of grace in the young man's heart, he tells us early in his

Journal, which of course he had not yet commenced to write, that now for the first time came to him the serious questionings, prompted by his better nature, which took shape in that old, old query, which has arrested the minds of God's children since the world began, "What must I do to be saved?" He writes this also in his Journal soon after the period I have just referred to: "The common discourse of all sorts of people was of the Quakers, and various reports were of them; the priests everywhere were angry at them, and the baser sort of people spared not to tell strange stories of them; but the more I heard of them the more I loved them." This was only eight years after the date of which George Fox wrote, "Then at the command of God, the ninth of the Seventh Month, 1643, I left my relations and broke off all familiarity or fellowship with young or old," so sudden and so widespread was the movement that George Fox, as God's instrument, had brought to pass.

HIS CONVINCEMENT.

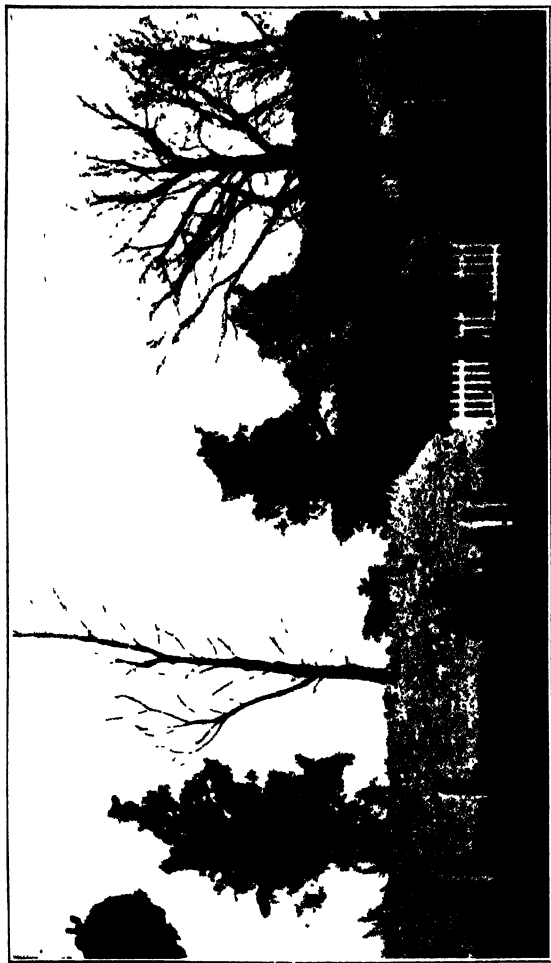
The story of the conversion of William Edmundson is beautiful and suggestive. In every way he was a man among men; one can but see in him many of those marks of person and of character that we associate with the most gifted. Just what his personal charm was none can tell, for there is no portrait of him, not as much as an idealized one.

In any case he must have been a man of much personal courage. In early manhood he had become a soldier in Cromwell's army, and the scene where he

came by his first actual knowledge of Friends exhibits him in this character. He had just come from the Isle of Man to meet the Scotch army, when on a certain market day he was at Chesterfield, in a tavern with others of his soldier friends ; two women Friends "called Quakers" had been in the town that day, and had spoken to a crowd of people in the market-place about the things of God. William Edmundson did not know about the meeting in time to attend and was much disappointed, but that same night in the tavern, he heard a priest and some of his friends boast of how they had ridiculed these two women and had abused them, thinking thus to gain the good opinion of the young soldier and his chums ; a store-keeper standing by defended the Friends, and spoke well of them, saying that the priests had won a *poor* victory over two lone women.

William Edmundson says, and so far as known this was the first time he pleaded the cause of Friends : "My spirit rose against the priest, and I started up from my seat and asked him and those that were with him, if they came to quarrel, saying if they did they should have enough ; but the priest answered, 'No ; not with you, sir.' I bid them leave the room, which they presently did ; but these things came close to me, and the more I heard of these people the more I loved them."

Very soon after this William Edmundson left the army, visited among his relatives, married and arranged to go into business as a store-keeper in a little town in central England. His brother too was a sol-



ROSENALL'S GRAVEYARD.

(Given by William Edmundson to Mountmellick Meeting, and in which he was buried

See also p. 127.)

To face p. 111

dier, and was stationed in Ireland. He persuaded William to give up his plan of remaining in England, and so we soon find him with his wife, his servant and their store goods, on their way across the Irish sea to Dublin. The brother, however, had been summoned north, and the little family was disappointed to find no preparations made for their arrival. They followed the brother to Antrim, opened a store, soon sold all the goods to advantage, and William Edmundson went back to England for more. He saw as he says a "Providence" in his not stopping in Dublin. He was urged to tarry in that place, as there was an unusual chance for selling, "trade being very brisk, the plague having abated," but he writes: "I was prevented by a secret hand that I did not then know, which preserved me from the deceitfulness of riches, which, according to all probability, I should have been laden with, as with thick clay, and thereby been hindered from the Lord's service, as some others are." This is William Edmundson's first reference to his great care not to allow the gain of riches and outward business to interfere with his religious duties. He had a talent for business, but once enlisted in the higher work, he allowed his worldly affairs to have only the second place. He was a striking illustration of obedience to these Scripture injunctions: "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness" and "Not slothful in business, fervent in Spirit, serving the Lord."

On William Edmundson's return to Antrim from his visit to England he landed at a seaport town, bor-

rowed a horse and rode home. When he came to the door of his own house his brother was there to meet him, and something in William Edmundson's face and manner, without a word being spoken, told the brother, soldier though he was, that some great change had taken place in William Edmundson's mind and heart; "he was struck amazed, went in and sat down silent."

HIS STRUGGLE FOR LIGHT.

This same great work is taking place in some of those about us just as it did in William Edmundson's day; we speak of it in different language, but we know it to be the same thing. He was now a Friend at heart, and he would have traveled far for the counsel and comfort of some Friend whose experience had been like his own.

Though he still carried on his store and attended to his other business, his neighbors too could tell that a change had come over him, but they could not explain his condition in any other way than by saying he was bewitched and likely to go mad, as though such an explanation could at all remove the darkness. His longing to meet with an experienced Friend seemed about to be realized; for one day when he was from home, a man from England named Miles Bonsfield, stopped at his house. When William Edmundson returned, his wife told him of the visit, and he took his horse, rode a long way, and finally came up with Miles Bonsfield, and stopped all night with him at a stranger's house. They talked together long into the night; he was told to be "cheerful and merry and not to look

at the troubles that bowed him down." Good advice had William Edmundson been a dyspeptic and out of health, but he was not; he was simply craving in a blind way for something that he did not possess. Miles Bonsfield's counsel he soon discovered could not help him, for he advised him to cling to the world with one hand and to lay hold of Christ's promises with the other, and as yet William Edmundson was too weak to make a full surrender of himself to the Power that was working in his heart.

Here is the most instructive part of William Edmundson's Journal, for he opens wide the door of his heart, and one can see the struggles that were going on there; this brave soldier yielding himself to the gentle influence of the Spirit of Christ, till he saw "there was that alive in (him) that must be crucified, which opposed the Will of God." Then came the surrender, the strong will bowed; the strength was soon all returned to him, but sanctified for the higher service to which his long life was now to be devoted.

FIRST FRIENDS' MEETING IN IRELAND.

Before long William Edmundson's wife and brother were likewise convinced, and the three met together twice a week at his house to worship. This was the first Friends' meeting in Ireland, reminding us of that little group of boys on the hillside, when with Richard Davies as a centre of influence the first Friends' meeting was held in Wales. Soon four more joined the Edmundsons, and he says, "then we were seven that met together to wait upon God, and to

worship Him in Spirit and Truth." These Friends attended the public markets and fairs; they made an effort to appear among the people, and were ready to explain the glad tidings of Christ's Gospel, so that they attracted attention to themselves. Thus the ground seemed prepared for the seed-sowing they were called upon to make. Little groups of Friends now began to spring up in various quarters of Ireland, and soon there was a network of meetings here and there, the whole length of the island. William Edmundson was incessant in his labors among these; he was oftener from home than at home; his wife was in full sympathy with the work, and recognized that her husband had a precious gift from his Heavenly Master, and she was desirous to do her part to help. There have been hundreds of ministers who have gone forth from Friends' meetings to preach the gospel to people far away, but we must remember that those who stayed at home had additional burdens to carry on this very account, and the good mothers who have remained quietly at home and cared for the children and managed in many cases the farm, or the store, or the shop, have done a service second only to that which their husbands and brothers have rendered. The noble wife of William Edmundson must always be associated with her husband in all that he did.

VISITS GEORGE FOX.

Early in his ministry William Edmundson had a great desire to see George Fox, so great indeed that he took shipping to England for no other purpose. He

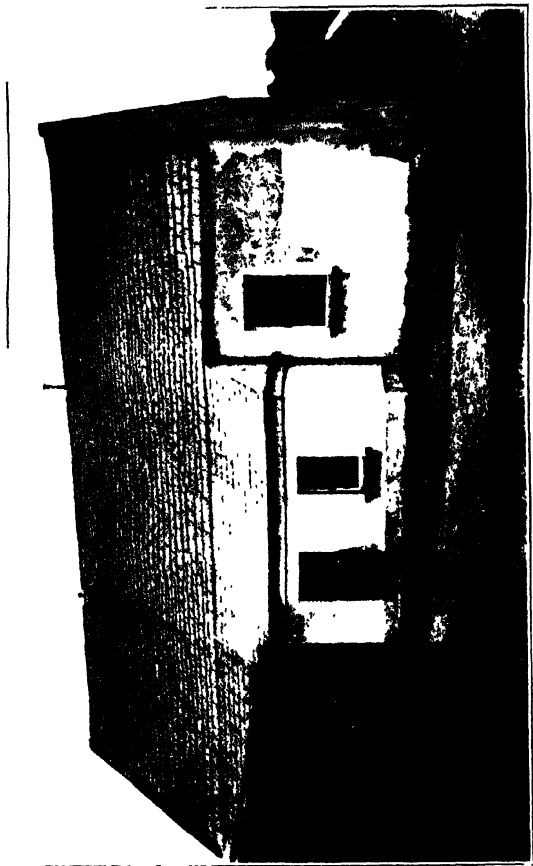
came upon him in the town of Badgley, in western England; there he attended the meeting, and after the meeting was over joined him, and the two young men walked into an orchard nearby and talked together for a long time; then "George Fox, kneeling down, prayed." George Fox here learned through William Edmundson of the work in Ireland; his heart was drawn out in tenderness toward these people, and he therefore wrote a brief letter to them, which William Edmundson carried home with him and read to the Friends in their meeting. He says: "I read the foregoing Epistle to Friends in the meeting; then the power of the Lord seized on us, whereby we were mightily shaken and broken into tears and weeping." It could not have been the mere words that so affected them; for while it is a beautiful letter, as you can see by consulting the Journal, you must also see that it was God's power overshadowing them that caused them to be so filled with joy.

EXAMPLE OF DIVINE GUIDANCE.

William Edmundson had an experience soon after his visit to George Fox which is one of many that show his trust in Divine guidance. He and his brother were from home; it was late, and they were unable to travel the whole distance back in the darkness, so they planned to stop at a place on the way called Glenavy. A strong impression seized William Edmundson that his store at home would be robbed that night. So clear was the impression that when he told his brother about it, they agreed it would be

wise to go on home through the darkness. A mile beyond Glenavy there came upon him an impression, as clear as the other had been, that it was his duty to go to Clough, a place a day's journey away, but with this impression there was no hint or token of what he was to do when he got there. This was a great struggle for the young man. Was home to suffer from robbers, or was some unknown duty to be attended to at a place miles away and where he was but slightly acquainted?

What did he do? He had already learned that *real duties never conflict*; so he prayed for light and guidance, and was made comfortable to see that he should retrace his steps to Glenavy and lodge there that night. But little sleep came to him, and in the morning he left with the sunrise to make the journey to Clough, feeling comfortable in mind that all would be cared for at home. He reached Clough at nightfall, to find two women Friends there. They were among strangers, and one of them almost in despair as to their next movements. William Edmundson helped them on their way and finally brought them to his own house. How had things fared there in the interval? There had been no robbery, but what had happened he tells in these words: "The night I was under that exercise about it, the shop-window was broken down, and fell with such violence on the counter that it awakened our people, and the thieves were affrighted and ran away," and he adds: "I was confirmed it was the Word of the Lord that said, that which drew me back should preserve my shop."



MEETING HOUSE AT LURGAN, IRELAND.

(The first Friends' Meeting House in Ireland. Built in 1686 by William Edmundson In 1889 it was replaced
by a more modern building)

To face p 117.

William Edmundson now entered upon a series of religious visits not often paralleled in Quaker history; he traveled almost as much as George Fox himself. Many were his imprisonments, and harsh the treatment he received from the jailers. The Irish Friends were more cruelly handled than were those in Wales during the same period. Although Cromwell had passed a Declaration granting great privileges to those who "owned God the Creator of all things, and Christ Jesus the Saviour of Man, and the Scriptures," yet the law was little regarded, and when Charles II. came to the throne a few years later the Friends were persecuted with increased violence.

At this stage of our narrative we learn why he was called the "Hammer of Ireland." There is nothing more unremitting in the regularity of its blows than a tilt-hammer. The cause of the power is out of sight, but the tilt-hammer goes on without apparent effort, and with a regularity and precision which does not hint that it has the power to stop. So it was with William Edmundson's work in Ireland. He was always at it, first here, then there, now protecting some brother who had been wronged, now opposing the passage of a law that was intended to deprive the Friends of some right, and again pushing through every obstacle to gain access to the ear of the magistrates, that his imprisoned friends might be set free. Often he was cast down and discouraged, but never hopeless; being without fear when he faced the advancing foe on more than one battlefield in northern England, he was equally without fear when brought into the presence

of those holding high positions in government. No fear seemed to move him, except only that righteous fear he felt at offending his Heavenly Father, whom he served with diligence, and whose cause was his, made so through sacrifice and self-surrender.

The Journal furnishes many experiences of unusual interest in this period, a few of which may be recorded here. Early in his Irish ministry, and when Friends were just beginning to be known in Ulster, he came to Belfast and found that only one proprietor of an inn, a widow named Partridge, would lodge a Quaker. Edmundson and his companion Tiffin took up their abode with her, but met with little success when they began to plan for holding a religious meeting in the city, for they could not find a house in which to meet. Nothing daunted, William Edmundson went beyond the city limits, and held an open-air meeting on the country road. The people of the city tried to shut their ears, their homes and their hearts against them; nevertheless new members were added to Friends, new meetings "were set up," and he says, "the Lord's blessing rested upon us."

William Edmundson now traveled into almost all parts of northern Ireland, and a little later an English Friend, Richard Clayton, crossed to Ireland and accompanied him. Their zeal was great, but the opposition of their enemies was even greater. The two men were arrested in Coleraine and banished to the west side of the Bann, with strict orders that they were not to be brought back by any of the boats. They did not, however, remain there long, but walked to Lon-

donderry and gained admission to the Governor, who seems to have favored their cause. Edmundson and Clayton visited very extensively, and though they received rude treatment almost everywhere, many were convinced of the Truth ; the growth of the Society of Friends in northern Ireland seemed much like that which was taking place at the same time in England.

When Richard Clayton returned to England, two women Friends (the first women preachers of the Society to visit Ireland) crossed to Dublin and went north to Derry and Coleraine. They were Anne Gould and Julian Westwood, the women alluded to in a former paragraph. On their way to Clough, they traveled on foot, and though the season was winter, they were compelled to walk on the muddy roads and to wade the rivers. It was on this journey that William Edmundson found them almost ready to despair. They had received harsh treatment from the people, and could see no way open for carrying forward the work which they felt their Divine Master had called them to do. Neither of them was able to ride "single" on horseback, so William Edmundson took one of them behind him on his own horse for some distance, and then went back for the other. Thus they traveled for several miles ; then he induced them both to mount the horse, and trudging beside them and holding both, one with each hand, he walked through mire and across streams to their destination. Not satisfied with this, he made it possible for them to continue their religious journey with much greater comfort than they had supposed possible.

Following the visit of the two women, Friends', meetings were "set up" at various points which they had visited. One of these places was Belturlet. The meeting was held here till an officer of the town scattered the worshippers, sending some of them to prison, among them William Edmundson himself. On the next day he was put into the stocks and made a public spectacle to the passers-by. He made of this an opportunity to speak to the people on serious things, and before the authorities knew what was happening, the very thing they were trying to prevent was being accomplished. The people listened attentively, and the officer, finding that they were on the side of the prisoner, ordered that he be set free. But when the stocks were opened, Edmundson refused to take his legs out, and demanded that the officer who had placed them there should take them out for him. This the officer did, and thus William Edmundson gained his freedom.

On one of his visits to Londonderry, he found stage players and rope dancers in the market-place. A great company of people had gathered to see the sport, and William Edmundson felt it laid upon him "to proclaim the day of the Lord among them." To his own wonderment the crowd seemed to have more willing ears for him than for the actors, and soon left the market-place and followed him. The Mayor of Londonderry was a party to the play-actors' scheme, and disappointed that the plan had realized less money than they expected, he had Edmundson arrested and placed in prison. The experience of the stocks was

again repeated ; for as the cell window opened upon a court adjoining the market-place, Edmundson preached to the crowd, and kept them from the players still. As a final resort the mayor ordered him to be placed in irons, so that he could not reach the window. No sooner was this done than he heard a loud shout from the people that one of the players had been seriously injured by a fall from the rope on which he was dancing.

When Charles II. was restored to the throne in 1661, the persecution of Friends, as we have seen, everywhere increased. Throughout Ireland their meetings were broken up, and the Friends cast into prison. Edmundson was confined in Maryborough. After some time he got liberty to be absent from the prison for three weeks. He went at once before the authorities at Dublin, and plead the cause of his imprisoned associates. His mission was successful, for he obtained an order, signed by the Lords Justices, liberating all Quakers at that time held prisoners in Ireland. And so the closed meeting-houses were again opened. But though William Edmundson had been successful in gaining the freedom of his friends on this count, there still remained that other unjust demand, the payment of church tithes ; a refusal to pay these rendered them liable to excommunication, and this also involved imprisonment. William Edmundson, of course, refused to pay tithes and was excommunicated. It so happened, however, that when this occurred he was from home on a preaching tour, and so escaped imprisonment. When he re-

turned the officers told him that it was only because the prisons were already so full that they would not arrest him.

A TERRIBLE IMPRISONMENT.

One of the worst imprisonments William Edmundson suffered was in the jail at Cavan, where he was placed in the same dungeon with "thieves and robbers," and all were kept there for several weeks, never being allowed to leave the cell even for a few minutes. During the day they could look through the little iron gate, and some fresh air could come to them, but at night the gate was shut, and the dungeon became so close and foul as almost to poison the prisoners. To add to his discomfort, the other prisoners would ask for pieces of turf during the day, and at night would kindle them; and thus the pungent smoke added its discomforts to the other nasty smells.

One night the smoke stifled William Edmundson, and he fell unconscious to the floor. The prisoners called to the jailer that he was dead, and he was carried out, but the fresh air soon revived him; he was, however, returned to the same horrible dungeon, although no more turf was burned there. "Thus," he says, in that kindly spirit which breathes on every page of his Journal, "the minds of people were moderated and their hearts tendered towards Friends." For fourteen weeks William Edmundson was kept in this cell, and then when permitted to appear before the judge, he spoke with such force and fairness that the people were eager to applaud him, if they only dared; but the judge simply returned him to prison.



FLUSHING OAKS AND THE BOWNE HOUSE.

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NOTE ON FLUSHING OAKS AND THE BOWNE HOUSE.

The Bowne House is said to be the oldest house on Long Island. According to good authority it dates from 1661. John Bowne, the original owner, came to America with his father in 1649. Later he married Hannah Peaks, and their home from that time until his death was the Bowne house at Flushing. There were a few Friends living in the neighborhood at the time of John Bowne's marriage, and for some time it was their practice to hold meetings for Divine worship in the woods. Hannah Bowne soon became convinced of Friends' principles and joined the Society. Her husband, out of curiosity, went one day to look at them, and he was so impressed by the simplicity and beauty of their worship that he offered them the use of his house from that time. Later, by conviction, he also joined the Society. The honesty of his intention was more than once tested, notably when refusing to pay church fines he was banished by Governor Stuyvesant to Holland, and did not return to his home for two years.

George Fox and William Edmundson at different times visited Flushing and attended meeting here. There is a room in the house called the George Fox room, because, as the guest room, he occupied it.

Sixth Month 7, 1672, George Fox attended an open-air meeting under the oak tree, and preached to a large assemblage. The tree seen at the left in the illustration was standing in 1854, but fell soon afterwards. A granite boulder has recently been erected on the site by the Flushing Historical Society.

*"From Oyster Bay we passed about thirty miles to Flushing, where we had a very large meeting, many hundreds of people being there, some of whom came about thirty miles to it. A glorious and heavenly meeting it was (Praised be the Lord God!), and the people were much satisfied." **

* From Fox's "Journal."

The people of Cavan were by this time quite excited about the case, and the judge, fearing an uproar, at last set him free. As he says: "The next day I was turned out of prison without any trial."

William Edmundson's home was now at Rosencallis, not far from Mountmellick, and some seventy miles southwest from Dublin. Many incidents are given in his Journal associated with these places. When not from home in gospel service, or lying a prisoner in some noisome jail, or journeying to Dublin to gain release for his fellow members, whose only crime was that they attended a Friends' meeting, he regularly attended the meeting at Mountmellick.

In 1669 William Edmundson had the pleasure of welcoming George Fox to Ireland; he had never forgotten that interview with him under the apple trees in Leicestershire; and when George Fox, accompanied by several other Friends, came to Ireland, William Edmundson joined them, and helped them on their way. "I traveled with George Fox from place to place in the several provinces," he says, and the one assisted the other in preparing certain rules for the government in church affairs which was already greatly needed by the infant church.

PIRATES ON THE ATLANTIC.

And now visions of the lands beyond the sea came before William Edmundson, and two years later he sailed for the West Indies and America. Among the passengers were many Friends, and George Fox was one of them.

Robber ships, or pirates, were numerous then, and one bright moonlight night a vessel of this dangerous character having come upon the one that carried the Friends, drew so close to them that the robbers were almost ready to leap on board, when suddenly a dense mist blew in upon them, and, in the darkness, the ships drifted apart, so that the pirates and the Friends never met. This deliverance was truly providential.

They touched at various islands in the Atlantic, and then turned their vessel's course toward the mainland, Maryland being the point they wished to reach. William Edmundson mentions in his Journal: "Elizabeth Hooton died in Jamaica (1671), being an ancient woman. We left Solomon Eccles there in Truth's service, the rest of us shipped with George Fox for Maryland."

EXPERIENCES IN AMERICA.

No prisons were to close upon William Edmundson on this side of the Atlantic, but doubtless he had heard from Elizabeth Hooton of the treatment the pious people of New England had given her, and he expected nothing less; he did not court trouble and danger, neither did he fear them. Parting from George Fox and his company on the shores of the Chesapeake—whence they journeyed northward to New England—William Edmundson, with two others as guides, traveled as far south as the present State of South Carolina. Often there was not even a trail for them to follow, only an occasional "marked tree." One extract from the Journal will give us a vivid picture of the kind of experiences he had, and will

strengthen the impression we have already gained of the kind of man he was.

“So we traveled in many difficulties until about sunset, then they (the guides) told me they could travel no farther; for they both fainted, being weak-spirited men. I bid them stay there and kindle a fire, and I would ride a little farther, for I saw a bright horizon appear through the woods, which travelers take as a mark of some plantation, so rode on to it, and found it was only tall timber trees without under-wood; but I perceived a small path, which I followed till it was very dark, and rained violently; then I alighted and set my back to a tree till the rain abated; but it being dark and the woods thick, I walked all night between two trees; and though very weary, I durst not lie down on the ground, for my clothes were wet to my skin. I had eaten little or nothing that day, neither had I anything to refresh me but the Lord. In the morning I returned to seek my two companions, and found them lying by a great fire of wood; I told them how I had fared; he that should have been the guide would have persuaded me that we were gone past the place where we intended; but my mind drew to the path which I had found the night before; so I led the way, and that path brought us to the place where we intended, Henry Phillips’ house by Albemarle river.”

A MEETING IN CAROLINA.

It was First-day morning when William Edmundson and his guides reached the house of Henry

Phillips. There were at this time less than three thousand people in the Carolinas, and their homes were widely scattered; very rarely was one house in sight of another, and they were only connected by paths following the river banks. A religious meeting was a great novelty to the people. Their mode of life was very different from that of the people of New England, and when William Edmundson proposed that notice be given of a meeting at midday, messengers went hither and thither with the news, more in the spirit of welcoming their neighbors to something new that would relieve them of the monotony of their lives than for any real spiritual good they expected to receive. Many came and sat down with their pipes in their mouths to listen to what the preacher had for them. He says that "in a little time the Lord's testimony arose in the authority of His power, and their hearts were tendered." They asked for another meeting, and it was held the following day.

Later in his journey William Edmundson, meeting with George Fox on Shelter Island, near Newport, told him of these scattered people in Carolina, and George Fox visited them, and then wrote them a letter, exhorting them in these words to meet together in the name of Jesus: "There is no Salvation in any other name. He is your Prophet, your Shepherd, your Bishop, your Priest, in the midst of you, to sanctify you, and to feed you with life. Wait in His power and light that ye may be built upon Him, the true Foundation."

NEAR THIS STONE IS BURIED
WILLIAM EDMUNDSON
THE FIRST MEMBER OF
THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS
WHO SETTLED IN IRELAND
DIED 31ST OF 6TH MONTH 1712 (OLD STYLE)
AGED NEARLY 85 YEARS.

MEMORIAL STONE IN ROSENALLIS GRAVEYARD.

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William Edmundson, leaving Carolina, went to Virginia and visited the Governor, who was a very disagreeable man. Farther north, he visited Manhattan Island, where New York City now is. Afterward he also visited Flushing, Long Island, and attended a meeting in a house now standing there, which was then occupied by John Bowne; thence on to Shelter Island where, as we have seen, he met George Fox.

A few years later William Edmundson made his second trip to America. At that time the Indians were on the warpath, and the settlers everywhere were on their guard against attacks from them. William Edmundson made many visits to settlements far inland, each time taking his life in his hands, as those told him whom he consulted about the roads. He met with severe hardships and many narrow escapes, but at the end had nothing to record but many remarkable "Providences" that he had experienced.

JOHN FOTHERGILL'S IMPRESSION.

When, in 1701, John Fothergill, the great Quaker preacher, was on a religious visit to Ireland, on reaching Dublin he wrote to a friend at home: "That venerable saint," referring to William Edmundson, then in his seventy-fifth year, "is here." In his Journal he writes: "I went with some other Friends to see him at his lodgings, where he looked sternly and earnestly upon me and said little. I sat down, and little was spoken amongst us, but I observed he often cast his eyes upon me." Although John Foth-

ergill had made many religious visits already before he was twenty-six years old, yet he felt on this occasion greater awe, at the prospect of having to open his mouth in declaring the gospel message to the people in the presence of William Edmundson, than he had ever felt before. "It seems to me," he says, "so closely has he followed in the footsteps of his blessed Master, that he will know of my fear and my weakness, and his counsel shall be a seal to my ministry." This meeting, so impressive in its testimony to the gravity and power of William Edmundson's character, seems like a link between the early Friends of George Fox's days and those of the later generations of more modern times.

LAST DAYS.

For several years William Edmundson continued to be very active in his visits to Friends, but for the last ten years of his life his labors were confined mostly to his home neighborhood. He was now past the threescore and ten years; he had suffered imprisonments that would have killed, in fact did kill, many men of less robust constitution; he had traveled many thousands of miles, some of them through the unbroken American wilderness; he had been laughed at and ridiculed by those who, of all others, ought to have befriended him; but through it all he maintained that sweetness of nature, which showed better than any sermon could have shown, that he possessed the Christ spirit, and that for him his Saviour's sacrifice had not been in vain.

JOHN ROBERTS

*“The Quaker of the olden time !—
How calm and firm and true,
Unspotted by its wrong and crime
He walked the dark earth through.”*

JOHN ROBERTS.

In 1876 a copy of the "*Memoirs of John Roberts, by his son Daniel*," was presented to Oliver Wendell Holmes. In reply the poet wrote: "I have read the '*Memoirs of John Roberts*' with very great interest and real delight. It is comforting to meet, even in a book, a man who is perfectly simple-hearted, clear-headed, and brave in all conditions. The story is so admirably told, too, dramatically, vividly—one lives the whole scene over and knows the persons who appear on it as if they had been his townsmen." He also added this postscript: "I have just read your letter again, and I assure you, you did not overestimate the exquisite pleasure the little book was to give me. It is as good as gold—better than gold—every page of it. My friend Whittier must know of it, of course. I will talk it over with him the next time we meet."

The first edition of this *Memoir* was published in 1746, and is now very rare. The British Museum possesses a perfect copy. The title page is shown on page 132.

The reader will find the *Memoir* a delightful piece of eighteenth century English, and the strong answers of John Roberts can but entertain and instruct.

Numerous editions have been published since the first in 1746. The extracts which are included in the present chapter are but a small part of the whole. In order to preserve the character and style of the original narrative, so far as possible the old style phraseology and spelling have been retained.

The Following
Being a Copy of a Manuscript
Wrote by Daniel Roberts
Contains a brief Relation of Several
Remarkable Passages, that
Occurred in the Life of his Father,
John Roberts.

My father and his next neighbor's son went into the army under Oliver Cromwell, and continued there until they heard Cirencester was taken by the King's party, and by that time they both had a mind to return home and to see how it fared with their parents. And coming by Cirencester Town's End, hoping to pass undiscovered (although they knew the King's forces were in possession of the town), it happened that two soldiers from thence saw them and pursued them. They, seeing that, quitted their horses and took to their heels, but by reason of their boots and

cloaks they could not make much speed. My father was the first they overtook, and notwithstanding he begged for quarter none they would give him, but holding up his arms to save his head, they laid on him with their swords, cutting and slashing (as the marks they gave him did testify long after). At length it pleased the Almighty to put it in his mind to fall down on his face, which he did, and they said one to another: "Alight and cut his throat!" But neither of them did it. But with the points of their swords they pricked him about the jaws and neck till they thought he was dead. They then pursued his neighbor, and overtook him and killed him. My father, perceiving they were gone, it was said in his heart, "Arise, and fly for thy life!" which call he obeyed; and when they saw him on his feet they pursued him again; but a pretty steep hill being near him he ran down it. At the bottom of which was a river, through which he went with great difficulty, his boots being full of water and his wounds bleeding very much. And when he was got on the other side they, being on horseback, did not pursue him any farther than the top of the hill. But he knew not which way to go, being thus among his enemies.

In this wounded and disconsolate condition it came into his mind to go to his uncle, Andrew Solliss, his house, which was about half a mile thither.

He concluded to stay at his uncle's, and sent one of his uncle's servants to Cirencester to call to him an acquaintance of his, a widow woman, at whose house the chief officers lay. She readily came, and freely

offered to serve him in what she could. He told her that since the officers lay at her house, he hoped it might be in her power to serve him by requesting of them to give the word of command that none of their soldiers should offer any abuse to him, which was done; and in good-will to the widow, their landlady, they sent to him the ablest surgeon they had. He was a surly man in his nature, though very skilful, and told my father if he had met him in the fields he would have killed him-himself. "But now," said he, "I will cure you," which he did.

And when my father found himself able, he went to his father's house and found him very ill in bed, and, after greeting each other with many tears intermixed with joy and sorrow, they told each other what they had met with since they parted. And to see each other again was a joy unexpected. . . .

After some time my father perceived him to shake very much, insomuch that the bed shook on which he lay; my father asked him: "How is it with you?" He replied: "I am well and feel no pain, but it is the mighty power of God that shakes me;" and after lying still some time he broke forth into sweet melody of spirit and said: "In the Lord only have I righteousness and strength. In God have I salvation." And I do not remember to have heard that he said anything more before his departure.

It pleased the Lord that in the year 1655 two women Friends came out of the north to Cirencester and enquired if there were any people thereabouts who were seeking after the way of the Lord, and they

were directed to my father as the likeliest person thereabouts to give them entertainment.

They came to his house and desired a meeting, which he granted, and invited several of his acquaintances to it; where, after some time of silence, they spoke a few words which had a good effect. My father, after meeting, would have engaged them in discourse, but they had little to say, only recommended him to one Richard Farnsworth, who was then a prisoner in Banbury jail, whither they were going.

Upon their recommendation of this Farnsworth, my father had the curiosity to see him and talk with him, and going to the prison there he met the two women who had been at his house, the turnkey denying them entrance, telling them he had orders not to let in any of those giddy-headed people; but if they went in he said he would keep them there.

My father asked him if one Richard Farnsworth was not in their prison. He replied: "Yes, sir!" "I desire to see him," said my father, "and that these two women may go in with me." The turnkey answered they should. Accordingly, he led them through several rooms into a dungeon, where was Richard Farnsworth at a grate preaching to the people in the street. After some time, perceiving some persons were come in, he desisted, and after a space of silence, turning to them, he spoke somewhat after this manner: That Zacheas, being a man of low stature and having a mind to see Christ, ran before and climbed up into a sycamore tree. Our Savior,

knowing his good desires, called to him : " Zacheas, come down ; this day salvation is come to thy house." Making this application thereof : " Like some," said he, " in our day who are climbing up into the Tree of Knowledge thinking to find Christ there. But the Word now is : ' Zacheas, come down ! come down ! ' for that which is to be known of God is manifest within." Which words being spoken with authority took such hold on my father that he could never get from them. When he came home he told my mother he had seen this Farnsworth, who had spoke to his condition as if he had known him from his youth. And after that time he patiently bore the Cross. . . .

. . . And next I think it not improper to mention what happened when my father was a prisoner in Cirencester, confined for tithes by George Bull, Vicar of Upper Siddington.

There was at that time and place one Eliz. Hewlins of Amny, near Cirencester, widow, a prisoner for tithes, who was not only a good Christian, but was also accounted a good nurse, and much esteemed by the gentry thereabouts for her skill and success. She, being confined, the Lady Dunch, of Down Amny, thought she might do an act of charity in setting her at liberty by paying the debt, which she did.

She came in her coach to Cirencester and sent her waiting man, one Alexander Cornwall, to the prison to bring the said E. Hewlins to her. And coming to the prison he met with my father, and enquired of him for " Mrs. Hewlins." So they went to her, and he delivered the message, and while she was getting

ready to go my father and the man entered into some discourse. He asked my father his name and where he lived, which he told. "What!" said he, "are you that John Hayward, of Siddington, who keeps great conventicles at your house?" He answered: "The church of Christ do often meet at my house. I suppose I am the man thou meanest." "I have often," said Cornwall, "heard my lady speak of you, and I am sure she would willingly be acquainted with you." When he came back to his lady he told her he had met with a man in prison, and discoursed with him. "Such a man, I believe, that if your ladyship were acquainted with him you would not let him lie in prison for conscience' sake." She asked his name. He answered: "John Hayward. I have heard your ladyship speak of him." "Is it John Hayward, of Siddington," said she, "who keeps meetings at his house?" "It is the same man," said Cornwall, "and he lies in prison on the same account Mrs. Hewlins does." "Go," said she, "and bring him to me, for I want to see him." He readily went, and when he came back to the prison he told my father his lady wanted to speak with him. To which my father answered: "If any person would speak with me, they must come where I am; for," said he, "I am a prisoner." "O," said Cornwall, "I will go and get leave of the jailer for you to go." Which he did, and they went together.

And when they came there she put on a majestic air to see how the Quaker would greet her.

He went up to her and bluntly said: "Woman!

wouldst thou speak with me?" "What is your name?" said she. He answered: "My name is John Roberts; but I am commonly known in the place where I live by the name of John Hayward." "Where do you live?" said she. "At a village called Siddington, about a mile from this town," replied he.

Lady Dunch. "Are you that man of whom I have heard who keeps conventicles at your house?"

John Roberts. "The church of Christ do often meet at my house. I presume I am the man thou meanest."

Lady. "What do you lie in prison for?"

J. R. "Because for conscience' sake I cannot pay a hireling priest what he demands of me. Therefore he, like the false prophets of old, prepares war against me because I put not into his mouth."

Lady. "By what I have heard of you I took you for a wise man, and if you cannot pay him yourself you might let some one pay him for you."

J. R. "That would be underhand dealing; and I should much rather pay him directly myself than be such a hypocrite."

Lady. "Then suppose some neighbor or friend should pay him for you, unknown to you, you would not choose a prison when you might have your liberty?"

J. R. "I am well content where I am until it shall please God to make way for my enlargement."

Lady. "I have a mind to have some of your company and some discourse with you, which cannot

well be while you are a prisoner. Therefore, I intend to set you at liberty."

Then calling to her man, she said: "Cornwall, go to Mr. Brierton (I understand he is Mr. Bull's lawyer) and give my service to him, and tell him I will satisfy Mr. Bull and him on John Hayward's account. Then go and pay the jailer his fees, and get a horse for my friend to go to Down Amny with me."

J. R. "If thou art, as I take thee to be, a charitable woman, there are abroad in the world many real objects of charity on whom to bestow thy bounty; but to feed such devourers as these I do not account charity, but rather that like Pharaoh's lean kine they eat up the fat and the goodly and look not a whit the better."

Lady. "Well, I would have you get ready to go with us."

J. R. "I don't know that thou art like to have me, when thou hast bought and paid for me; for if I may have my liberty I shall think it my place to be at home with my wife and family."

Lady. "I have some skill in physiognomy, and you don't look like a man who can deny a gentlewoman any civil request."

J. R. "If thou dost desire it, I intend to come and see thee at Down Amny some other time."

Lady. "That will suit me much better than now, for I must call and pay a visit at Mr. Pledwell's as I go home. But when will you come? You must set your day, and I will lay aside all business to have your company."

J. R. "If it please God to give me life, health, and liberty, I intend to come on Seventh-day next—the day thou callest Saturday."

Lady. "Is that as far as you use to promise?"

J. R. "Yes."

And when the day came he went and found her very inquisitive about the things of God. And before she parted with him she engaged him not to be long before he came again. And the week after that she sent her man, Cornwall, to desire him to appoint a day when he would come again. Which he did, and went accordingly.

And she treated him with abundance of respect and sobriety. But the third time she sent her man, Cornwall, to him again. "And," said she to her man, "when John has set his day then go to Mr. Careless" (the then parson of Cirencester) "and tell him I desire him to come on that day and take an ordinary dinner with me, but don't let either of them know that the other is invited."

My father went on the day appointed, and when he was got near the house, hearing a horse behind him, he looked back and saw parson Careless coming after him. Then he concluded in his mind that the lady had formed a project to get them together. For the parson was one whom she very much admired.

When he came up, "Well overtaken, John," said he to my father. "How far are you going this way?" "I believe we are both going to the same place," said my father. "What," said he, "are you going to the great house?" "Yes," said my father. "Come on

then, John," said the parson, and they both set their horses together and went in together. The lady, being ill in bed, a servant went up and told her "Mr. Careless and John Hayward" were come. "What!" said she, "did they come together?" "Yes," said the servant. "I admire at that," said she, "but I would have you beckon out John Hayward and bring him up the back stairs to me first." . . .

She said to him: "I understand Mr Careless is below, and although you are men of different persuasions, yet I account you both wise, Godly men, and some moderate discourse of the things of God between you two I believe would do me good."

J. R. "If he asks me any questions, as the Lord shall enable me I shall endeavor to give him an answer."

She sent for the parson up; and after his telling her he was sorry to see her ladyship so bad, etc., she told him she made bold to send for him to come and take an ordinary dinner with her, "although," said she, "I am disappointed of the pleasure of your company by being so bad; but John Hayward and you being persons of different persuasions (although I believe both good Christians), if you two would ask and answer each other some questions soberly, it would divert me that I should not be so sensible of the pain I lie under."

Parson Careless. "And it please your ladyship, I see nothing in that."

Lady. "Pray, Mr. Careless, ask John some questions." She desiring it so much, he said: "It will

not edify your ladyship, for I have discoursed John and divers others of his persuasion already, and I have read their books and all to no purpose, for they sprang from the papists and hold the same doctrines the papists do. Let John deny it if he can."

J. R. "I find thou art setting us out in very black characters with design to frighten me; but therein thou wilt be mistaken. But I advise thee to say no worse of us than thou canst make out, and then make us as black as thou canst. And if thou canst prove me like a papist in any one thing, I, with the help of God, will prove thee like them in ten things. And this woman that lies abed shall be judge betwixt us."

Parson. "The Quakers hold that damnable doctrine and dangerous tenet of perfection in this life, and so do the papists. If you go about to deny it, John, I can prove you hold it."

J. R. "I doubt thou art now going about to belie the papists behind their backs, as thou hast heretofore done us behind our backs; for by what I have understood of their principles they do not believe a state of freedom from sin and acceptance with God possible on this side of the grave, and, therefore, they have imagined to themselves a place of purgation after death. But whether they do believe such a state attainable on this side of the grave or not, I do."

Parson. "And it please your ladyship, John has confessed enough out of his own mouth. For that is a damnable doctrine and dangerous tenet."

J. R. "Then I would ask thee one question. Dost thou own a purgatory?"

Parson. "No!"

J. R. "Then the papists are in this case wiser than thee, in that they believe the sayings of Christ, who told the unbelieving Jews that if they died in their sins, whither He went they could not come. But by thy discourse thou and thy followers must needs go headlong to destruction, since thou dost not own a place of purgation after death nor such a preparation for Heaven as is absolutely necessary to be possible in this life. The Scriptures, thou knowest, tell us plainly that as death leaves us, judgment finds us. If a tree falls toward the north or south, where it falls there it must lie. Therefore, since no unclean thing can enter the kingdom of Heaven, pray tell this poor woman, whom thou hast been preaching to (and such others as pin their faith on thy sleeve), whether, ever or never, she may expect to be freed from her sins, and made fit for the kingdom of Heaven; or whether the blind must lead the blind till both fall into the ditch?"

Parson. "No, John, you mistake me."

J. R. "I would not willingly mistake thee, but I believe thou hast mistaken thyself."

Parson. "I believe that God Omnipotent is able, of his great mercy, to forgive a man or woman their sins, and fit them for Heaven a little before they depart this life."

J. R. "I believe the same, but if thou wilt limit the Holy One of Israel, how long wilt thou give the Lord leave to fit a man or woman for His glorious Kingdom before they leave this world?"

Parson. "It may be an hour or two."

J. R. "My faith is a day or two, as well as an hour or two."

Parson. "I believe so, too."

And thus he brought him from a day or two to a week or two, then to a month or two, and so on to seven years; and the parson confessed he believed so, too. . . .

The next thing of which I shall take notice was three several conferences my father had with one Nicholson, Bishop of Gloucester, who then lived at Cleve, near Gloucester. . . . At the same time he also cited my father's man, one John Ovenall (Overall). My father asked the apparitor whether he thought the Bishop would be there in person, or appear by proxy. He said he thought his Lord Bishop would be there himself.

When the time came my father found much clearness in his mind to go, and accordingly went. After he had been some time in court he heard his name called, and he answered to it. The discourse that then passed was in substance as follows:—

Bishop. "What is your name?"

J. R. "I have been called by my name, and I have answered to it."

Bishop. "I desire to hear it again."

J. R. "My name is John Roberts, but I am commonly known in the place where I live by the name of John Hayward."

Bishop. "Well, you were born Roberts, but you were not born John. Pray, who gave you that name?"

J. R. "Thou hast now asked me a very hard question, my name being given me in my minority before I was capable to remember who gave it me. But I believe it was my parents who gave me that name, they being the only persons who had a right to give me my name. And that name they always called me by, and to that name I have always answered. But I believe none need call that in question now."

Bishop. "No, no. But how many children have you?"

J. R. "It hath pleased God to give me six children; three of which he was pleased to take from me, and the other three are still living."

Bishop. "And how many of them have been bishoped?"

J. R. "None that I know of."

Bishop. "What reason can you give for that?"

J. R. "I think a very good one."

Bishop. "What is it?"

J. R. "Most of my children were born in Oliver's days, when bishops were out of fashion." (Then the court fell a-laughing.)

Bishop. "But how many of them have been baptized?"

J. R. "What dost thou mean by that?"

Bishop. "Why! Don't you own baptism?"

J. R. "Yes; but perhaps we may differ in that point."

Bishop. "What baptism do you own? That of the Spirit, I suppose?"

J. R. "Yes. What other baptism should I own?"

Bishop. "Do you own but one baptism?"

J. R. "If one be enough, why need I own more? The Apostile said there was 'one Lord, one faith, and one baptism.'"

Bishop. "But what say you to the baptism of water?"

J. R. "I say there was a man sent from God whose name was John, who had a real commission for it, and he is the only man I read of who was empowered for that work."

Bishop. "But what if I make it appear to you that some of Christ's disciples themselves did baptize with water after Christ's ascension?"

J. R. "I suppose that is no very difficult task; but what is that to me?"

Bishop. "Is it nothing to you what Christ's disciples themselves did?"

J. R. "Not in everything; for Paul, that eminent apostle, who, I suppose, thou wilt grant me had as extensive a commission as any of the rest of the apostles; nay, he says of himself that he was not a whit behind the chief of them, and yet he honestly confesses he had no commission for it. And he says farther 'I thank God I baptized' no more than such and such families; 'for,' says he, 'I was not sent to baptize, but to preach the gospel.' And if he was not sent to do it, I would soberly ask thee who required it at his hands? I don't know but he might have as little thanks for his labor as thou mayst have for thine. I would willingly know who sent thee to baptize."

Bishop. "This is not our present business. You are here returned for not coming to church. What say you to that?"

J. R. "I desire to see my accuser."

Bishop. "It is the minister and church wardens. Do you deny matter of fact?"

J. R. "Yes, I do; for it is my principle and also my practice to go to church."

Bishop. "And do you go to church?"

J. R. "Yes. And sometimes the church comes to me."

Bishop. "The church comes to you? I don't understand you, friend."

J. R. "It may be so; and it is often for want of a good understanding that the innocent are made to suffer." Then the apparitor said: "My Lord, he keeps meetings at his house, and he calls that a church."

J. R. "No. I do no more believe my house to be a church than I believe what you call so to be one. But I call the people of God the church of God, wheresoever they are met to worship Him in spirit and truth. So that when I say the church comes to me, I mean the assembly of such worshippers who frequently meet at my house. For I do not call that a church which you do. That is but the workmanship of men's hands, the true church consisting of living stones, a spiritual house to God."

Bishop. "We call it a church figuratively, meaning the church is where the church meets."

J. R. "I fear you call it a church hypocritically

and deceitfully, with design to awe the common people into a veneration for the place which is not due to it, as though that house were more holy than another."

Bishop. "What do you then call that which we call a church?"

J. R. "It may properly enough be called a mass-house, being formerly built for the purpose."

The the apparitor calls out to my father, saying: "Master Hayward, 'tis expected you should show more respect in this place than you do in keeping on your hat."

"Who expects it?" said my father.

"My Lord," said he.

"I expect better things from him," said my father.

Bishop. "No, no. Keep on your hat. I don't expect it from you." And further said: "Well, friend, this is not a convenient time nor place for you and me to dispute; but I may take you to my chamber and convince you of your errors."

J. R. "I should take it kindly of thee, or any man else, to convince me of any errors I hold, and I would hold them no longer."

Bishop. "Call some others."

The apparitor said: "Master Hayward, is John Ovenall here?"

J. R. "I believe not."

Bishop. "What's the reason he is not here? Do you know?"

J. R. "I think there are good reasons to be given for his absence."

Bishop. "What are they? May not I know them?"

J. R. "In the first place, he is an old man, and not well able to take such a journey, unless it were on a very good account; and next, he is my servant, and I can't well spare him out of my business."

Bishop. "Why don't he go to church, then?"

J. R. "He does. He goes to church along with me." At which the court again fell a-laughing.

Bishop. "Call somebody else."

The next who was called was a sober old man, a Baptist preacher, who, seeing the bishop's civility to my father, in suffering him to keep on his hat, thought to take the same liberty. At which the bishop was observed to put on a stern countenance, and said: "Don't you know that this is the King's court, and that I sit here to represent his Majesty's person? And do you come here, in an uncivil and irreverent manner, in contempt of his majesty and this court, with your hat on? I confess there are some men in the world, who make a conscience of putting off their hats, to whom we ought to have some regard; but for you, who can put off your hat to every mechanic you meet, to come here in contempt of authority with your hat on, I will assure you, friend, you shall speed never the better for this." Which words, I have heard my father say, came so honestly from the bishop that it did him good to hear them.

The old man, then taking off his hat, said: "If it please you, my Lord, I haven't been well in my head." "Not well in your head!" said the bishop. "Why!

you have got a cap on ; nay, you have got two caps on ! ” (for he had on a black cap and a white one underneath it). “ What is your reason for denying your children that holy order of baptism ? ” “ An ’t please you, my Lord, I am not well satisfied in it.” Said the bishop : “ What is the ground of your dissatisfaction ? Did you ever see a book that I set out, entitled ‘ *The Order of Baptism* ? ’ ” “ No, my lord,” said he. “ I thought so,” replied the bishop. “ You may buy it, at such a place for such a price ; and I will give you so long a time to peruse it, and if that does not satisfy you, come to me, and I will satisfy you fully.” And thus, as I remember, their discourse ended for that time. . . .

Some time afterwards there was another meeting between John Roberts and the bishop, the narrative continues. . . . My father went up towards him, and, standing silent awhile, he said to the bishop : “ Old man, my business is with thee.”

Bishop. “ How is your business with me ? ”

J. R. “ I have heard that thou hast sent out thy bailiffs to bring me before thee, but I rather choose to come myself to know what wrong I have done thee. And if it does appear I have done thee any wrong I am willing to give thee satisfaction. But if, on inquiry, I appear innocent, I desire thee for thy own soul’s sake to take care thou dost not injure me.”

Bishop. “ You are misinformed, friend ; I am not your adversary.”

J. R. “ Then I entreat thee, to tell me who is my

adversary, that I may go and agree with him while I am in the way."

Bishop. "The King is your adversary, and the King's law you have broken; and the King's law you shall answer, that's more."

J. R. "Our satisfaction to laws is either active or passive. So if a man cannot, for conscience' sake, do the thing the law requires, but, passively, suffers what the law inflicts, the law is, I conceive, as fully answered as if he had actually obeyed."

Bishop. "No, you are wrong in that, too. For suppose a man steal an ox, and be pursued, and taken and hanged, for the fact, what restitution is that to the owner of the ox?"

J. R. "None at all. But although 'tis no restitution to the owner of the ox, yet the man, having suffered the punishment by law inflicted, the law is fully satisfied, although the owner of the ox be a loser. But thou mayst thereby see the corruptness of such laws whereby the life of a man is put on a level with the life of a beast."

Bishop. "What! do such men as you find fault with our laws?"

J. R. "Yes; and I tell thee plainly 'tis high time wiser men were chosen to make better laws. But if the thief were taken and sold according to the law of Moses, and the owner had four oxen for his ox, or four sheep for his sheep, then the owner would be well satisfied, and the man's life preserved that he might repent and amend. But I hope thou dost not accuse me of having stolen any man's ox or ass?"

Bishop. "No, no ; God forbid."

J. R. "Then if thou please to give me leave I will state a case more parallel to the one in hand."

Bishop. "You may."

J. R. "There was, in days past, Nebuchadnezzar, King of Babylon, set up an image and made a decree that all who would not bow down to his image should be cast, the same hour, into the midst of a burning, fiery furnace. And there were then three children who served the same God that I do now, and they did not dare bow down unto it, but passively submitted their bodies to the flames ; was that not a sufficient satisfaction to that unjust decree of the King's ?"

Bishop. "Yes, yes ; God forbid ! for that had been to worship the workmanship of men's hands, and that were idolatry."

J. R. "Is that thy judgment, that to worship the workmanship of men's hands is idolatry ?"

Bishop. "Yes."

J. R. "Then give me leave to ask thee by whose hands thy common prayer-book was made ? I'm sure it was made by thy hands, or somebody's else, for it never made itself."

Bishop. "Do you compare our common prayer-book to Nebuchadnezzar's image ?"

J. R. "Yes, I do. And as that was his image, this is thine. And, be it known to thee (I speak in the dread of the God of Heaven), I no more dare bow down to thy common prayer-book than the three children did to Nebuchadnezzar's image."

Bishop. "Yours is a strange upstart religion, of but a very few years' standing, and you are grown so confident in it there is no beating you out of it."

J. R. "Out of my religion! God forbid! I was long seeking an acquaintance with the living God among the dead forms of worship, and inquiring after the right way and worship of God before I could find it, and now I hope that neither thou nor any man living shall be able to beat me out of it; but although thou art an old man and a bishop, I find thou art very ignorant of the rise and antiquity of our religion."

Bishop. "Do you Quakers plead antiquity for your religion?" [Smiling.]

J. R. "Yes, and I don't question but with the assistance of God I make it appear to thee that our religion was many hundred years before thy religion was thought of."

Bishop. "Friend, you see I have given you liberty of discourse, and have not sought to ensnare you in your words. But you say you don't question, with the help of God, to make it appear that your religion (that is, the Quakers' religion) was many hundred years before mine. If you can do that you will speed so much the better."

J. R. "If I do not I seek no favor at thy hands; but in order to do it, I hope thou wilt give me leave to ask some sober questions by the way."

Bishop. "You may."

J. R. "Then, first I would ask, 'Where was thy religion in Oliver's days, to go no further back?' Then the common prayer-book was become (even

among you clergymen) like an old almanac ; very few regarded it in our country. Saving that there were two or three priests who honestly stood to their principles and suffered pretty much. But the far greater number turned with the tide, and we have reason to believe that if Oliver would have put mass in their mouths they would have conformed even to that for their belly."

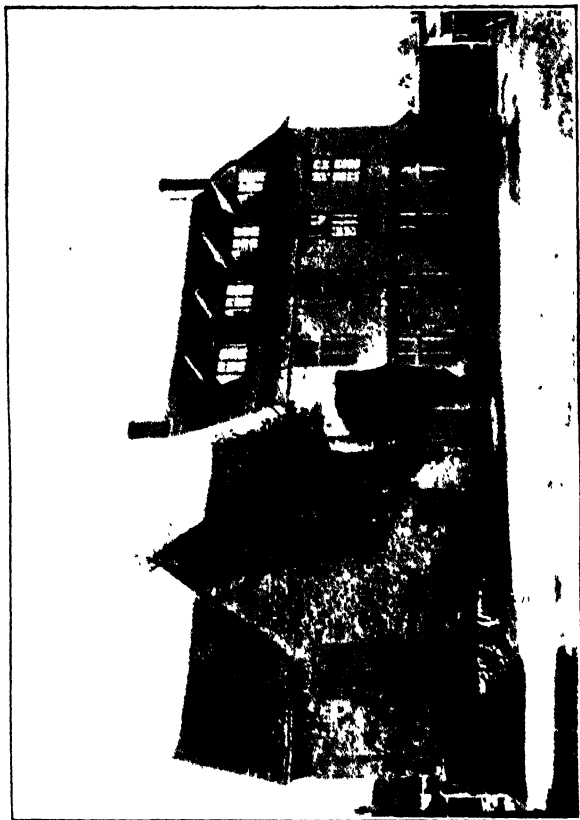
Bishop. "What would you have us do? Would you have had Oliver cut all our throats?"

J. R. "No; I would not that he should have cut any of your throats. But what religion was that you were afraid to venture your throats for? Be it known to thee, I ventured my throat for my religion in Oliver's days, as I do now."

Bishop. "And I must tell you that, although in Oliver's days I did not dare own it openly as I did before, and as I do now, yet I never owned any other religion then."

J. R. "Then I suppose thou mad'st conscience of it; and I should abundantly rather choose to fall into such a man's hands than into the hands of a man who makes no conscience towards God, but who would conform to anything for his belly. But if thou didst not think thy religion worth venturing thy own throat for in Oliver's days, I desire thee to consider that it is not worth cutting other men's throats for now for not coming to it."

Bishop. "You say right. I hope we shall have a ~~care~~ how we cut men's throats." (By that time came into the room several others and sat down.) "But



JOHN ROBERTS' HOUSE AT SIDDINGTON.

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you know the common prayer-book was before Oliver's days."

J. R. "Yes, I have a great deal of reason to know that, for I was bred up under a common prayer priest, and a poor drunken old man he was. Sometimes he was so drunk he could not say his prayers, and at best could *but* say them. But I think he was by far a better man than he who is priest there now."

Bishop. "Who is your minister now?"

J. R. "If thou dost ask me, Who is my minister now, I answer Christ Jesus, the minister of the everlasting covenant of God, is my minister; but the priest of our parish is one George Bull."

Bishop. "Do you say the drunken old man was better than Mr. Bull? I tell you, I account Mr. Bull as sound, able, and orthodox a divine as any we have amongst us. Nay, I account him one of the best of us."

J. R. "I am sorry for that; for if he be one of the best of you, I believe the Lord will not suffer you long. For he is a proud, ambitious, ungodly man. He has often sued me at law, and brought his men to swear against me." . . .

Bishop. "But, I remember, you said you could make it appear that your religion was long before mine; and that is what I want to hear you make out."

J. R. "Our religion, as thou mayst read in the Holy Scriptures, in John IV., was set up by Christ Himself, between sixteen and seventeen hundred years ago (and he had full power to set up and establish the true religion in His church) when he told the

woman of Samaria that neither at that mountain nor yet at Jerusalem was the place of true worship; but they worshiped they knew not what. 'For,' said He, 'God is a Spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in the Spirit and in the Truth.' And that is our religion, and has been the religion of all those who have worshiped God acceptably through the several ages since, down to this very day; and will be the religion of the true, spiritual worshipers to the end of the world—a religion performed by the assistance of the Spirit of God, because God is a Spirit—a religion established by Christ Himself before mass-book, service-book, or directory, or any of those inventions or traditions of men, were, in the night of apostacy, set up. The acceptable worshipers of God being always such as wrought out their salvation with fear and trembling."

Bishop. "Why were they not called Quakers then?"

J. R. "The best reason I can give thee for that is, that the people who lived in those ages past, might not be so wicked as in this age, to make a mock at the work and power of God."

Bishop. "Are all Quakers of the same opinion?"

J. R. "Yes, they are. If any hold doctrines contrary to the doctrine taught by our Savior to the woman of Samaria, they are not of us."

Bishop. "Do you own the trinity?"

J. R. "I don't remember such a word in the Holy Scriptures."

Bishop. "Do you own three persons?"

J. R. "We own three that bear record in Heaven, the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit."

Bishop. "Do you believe three persons?"

J. R. "I believe according to the Scriptures. Thou mayst make as many persons of them as thou canst; but I would soberly ask thee, since the Scriptures say that the heaven of heavens cannot contain Him, and that He is incomprehensible, by what person, image or likeness canst thou comprehend the Almighty?"

Bishop. "Yours is the strangest of all persuasions, for though there are many other sects," which he named, and then said, "though they and we differ in some circumstances, yet, in fundamentals, we agree as one. But I observe you, of all others, strike at the very root and basis of our religion."

J. R. "Art thou sensible of that?"

Bishop. "Yes, I am."

J. R. "I am glad of that. For the root is rottenness, and truth strikes at the very foundation thereof. And the little stone that Daniel saw cut out of the mountain, without hands, will overturn it all in God's own due time, when you have done what you can to support it."

Bishop. "But you will not give us the same liberty you will give a common mechanic to call our tools by their proper names."

J. R. "I desire thee to explain thyself."

Bishop. "Why! you will give a carpenter leave to call his gimlet a gimlet, and his gouge a gouge, but you will call our church a mass-house."

J. R. "I wish you were half so honest men as carpenters."

Bishop. "Why do you upbraid us?"

J. R. "I would not upbraid you; but I will endeavor to show thee wherein you fall short of carpenters. Suppose I have a son who has a mind to learn the trade of a carpenter. I go and indent with a sober, honest man of the calling, and agree to give him such a sum of money to teach my son that trade within such a term of years. At the end of which time my son may be as good, or a better workman than his master, and he shall be free from him to work for himself. Now will you be so honest men as this carpenter? You are men who pretend to know more of the mysteries of light, and life, and salvation, and things pertaining to the Kingdom of Heaven than we do. I would ask, in how long a time you would undertake to teach us as much as you do know, and what shall we give you that we may once be free from our masters? But here you keep us always learning that we may be always paying you. Plainly it is a very cheat. What! always learning and never come to the knowledge of God! For miserable sinners you find us, and miserable sinners you leave us."

Bishop. "Are you against confession?"

J. R. "No. For I believe those who confess and forsake their sins shall find mercy at the hand of God; but they who persist and go on in them shall be punished. But if ever you intend to be better you must throw away your old books and get you a new one, or turn over a new leaf; for if you keep in

your old lessons you must always be doing what you ought not, and leaving undone what you ought to do; and you can never do worse. I believe in my heart you mock God."

Bishop. "How dare you say so!"

J. R. "I'll state thee a case and thou shalt be judge. Suppose thou hadst a son, and thou shouldst daily let him know thy mind and will what thou wouldst have him do, and he should not only day after day, but week after week, and year after year, provoke thee to thy face and say: 'Father, I have left undone what thou commandest me to do, and done quite contrary;' and should continue thus once or twice a week to provoke thee to thy face; wouldst thou not think thy son a rebellious child? And that he mocked thee? And would it not cause thee to disinherit him?"

* * * * *

Bishop. "I have heard Mr. Bull tell strange things of you, John. As that if anything was lost you could tell as well as any cunning man of them all where to find it. He would have persuaded me to such things as I could not believe of you; but I desire to hear it from your own mouth. 'Twas about a parcel of cows which a poor man in your neighborhood had lost, and could by no means hear of them till he applied himself to you."

J. R. "If thou please to hear me I will endeavor to tell thee the plain, naked truth of that story as it really was."

Bishop. "Pray do; I shall believe you."

J. R. "There was a poor man (one of my neighbors) who had a wife and six children, and the chief men of the parish permitted him to keep six or seven milch cows on the waste, and his children attended them on lanes and commons; and their milk was a very great help to him in his family, which otherwise must have become chargeable to the parish. And in a very stormy night, after they were milked, they were left in the yard as usual, but in the morning could not be found. Then he and his sons went several ways and sought them with diligence to no purpose. And after they had been lost four days, the poor man's wife came to me in a very sorrowful manner, wringing her hands, saying: 'Ah, Lord! Mr. Hayward, we are undone. My husband and I must go a begging in our old days, for we have lost all our cows four days ago, and my husband and sons have been 'round the country, and can hear nothing of them. I will down on my bare knees if you stand our friend.' I desired her not to be in such an agony, and told her she should not down on her knees to me, but I would gladly help her in what I could. 'I know,' said she, 'you are a good man, and God will hear your prayers.' 'I desired thee to be still and quiet in thy mind,' said I. 'Perhaps thy husband or sons may hear of them to-day. But if they do not, let thy husband get a fresh horse and come to me to-morrow morning, as soon as he will, and I think, if it please God, to go along with him to seek them.' At which the woman seemed transported with joy, and said: 'Then we shall have our cows again!' Her

faith being so strong, brought the greater exercise on me, with strong cries to the Lord that he would be pleased to make me instrumental in his hand for the help of the poor family. And in the morning early one knocking earnestly at the door, my eldest son John asked who was there. ‘’Tis I, Master John,’ answered one of the old man’s sons. ‘Your father told my mother he would take his horse and go with my father to see if they could find the cows, and I desire you to acquaint your father that I am here.’ ‘’Tis hardly day yet,’ said my son. ‘’Twill soon be day,’ answered the young man. My son acquainting me, I arose and called my man to get my horse ready. And soon after came the old man, and told me where he and his sons had been and of their ill success. ‘In the name of God, Master Hayward, which way shall we go to seek them?’ said he. I, being deeply concerned in my mind, was not forward to answer him. But when the second and third time he said as before, I answered him thus: ‘In the name of God, I would go to seek them, and,’ said I (before I was well aware), ‘we will go to Malmsbury, and in Malmsbury horse fair there we shall have them.’ When I had spoken these words I was much troubled lest they should not prove true. When we had taken our breakfast we set out for Malmsbury, and when we came near the town, riding up a dirty lane, I said to the man: ‘Look here on the ground; I believe thou mayst track thy own cattle up this lane before thee.’ ‘You make my heart leap!’ said the old man. It being early in the morning, the first man we saw there-

abouts had a fork and foddering cord on his shoulder, going, as I supposed, to fodder his cattle ; and I asked him if he had lately seen any stray milch cows thereabouts, 'for,' said I, 'here is a neighbor of mine has lost some.' 'What manner of cattle are they ?' said the stranger. The old man described the marks and the number of them. 'There are such a parcel of cows,' said the stranger, 'stand chewing their cuds in the place where our horse fair is usually kept. They may be the cattle you speak of, for what I know, although I did not take much notice of them, thinking they might belong to some of my neighbors.' When we came there we found the cows ; and the old man, seeing them, knew them to be his own, and was transported with joy beyond measure, insomuch that I was really ashamed of his carriage, for he fell a hollowing, and took his cloth mounteer* cap off his head and threw it up several times into the air, which raised the people out of their beds to know what was the matter. 'Oh !' said he, 'I had lost my cows four or five days ago, and thought I should never have seen them again, and this honest neighbor of mine told me this morning, by his own fireside, nine miles off, that I should have them here, and here I have them.' And up goes his mounteer cap again. I begged the poor man to be quiet, and take his cows and be thankful, as, indeed, I then was, being reverently bowed in my spirit before the Lord, in that He

* Mounteer, probably from the Spanish *Montera*, a hunting cap. Under various spellings this cap is often mentioned by Thomas Ellwood and others of the early Friends.

was pleased to put His word of truth in my mouth. And the man drove his cows home, to the great joy of his family."

Bishop. "Well, but this is not all of this kind that Mr. Bull has told me concerning you; for I remember another story concerning a parcel of sheep which one of your neighbors had lost and you told him where they were."

J. R. "I find my neighbor Bull has done his endeavor to render me as odious to thee as is possible. But if thou please to hear me further, I will also relate to thee the truth of that story."

Bishop. "Do, John. I want to hear it."

J. R. "A neighbor of mine, one John Curtis (who was at the time a domestic servant to this George Bull), kept some sheep of his own, and it so fell out that he had lost his sheep some days, and seeing me, he desired me (knowing I went much abroad) if I should see them anywhere in my travels to let him know it. It happened that on the morrow as I was riding to my own fields, my dogs being with me put up a hare, and I seeing the dogs were likely to kill the hare, rode to save her, and by mere accident I saw my neighbor Curtis's sheep in one corner of the field, in a thick briery place of the hedge, where they stood as secure as if they were in a pound, for they could not without help get out of the place, whither I suppose they were driven by the hounds some time before. When I came home I sent him word his sheep were in the Gassons (which is the name of the field). Now this Curtis being a servant to George

Bull, 'tis no wonder this should reach his ear, although it was no more than a common accident, yet I find he has endeavored to improve it to my disadvantage."

Bishop. "This is not all yet, John, for I remember one story more, which he has told me, and that was concerning a horse which a gentleman had lost, and he was directed to you and you told him where he might find him, and he sought there and did find him."

J. R. "If I shall not tire thy patience, I will also acquaint thee how that was, although this is much like the story of the sheep."

Bishop. "No, 'twill not tire me. I would have you tell us this also, and then we have done with things of this kind."

J. R. "There was one Edward Simons, who came from London to see his parents who lived at Sidington, and they put his horse to grass, with their own, in some fields which lay from their house beyond some grounds of mine, called the Fursen Leases, through which grounds they went with the horse. And when they went to fetch him from grass, they could not find him. And after he had been lost a considerable time and they had had him cried at several market towns, somebody (who 'tis likely might have heard of my being instrumental in helping the poor man to his cows, as stories of this kind seldom lose by carriage) directed Edward Simons to me. Accordingly he came and told me he had lost his horse so long ago, and what means he had used to find him, which proved fruitless. I asked him

which way they had him to grass. He answered, 'Through the Fursen Leases.' 'Then,' said I, 'tis very likely that the horse, being a stranger in the place, might endeavor to beat homeward and lose himself in those Fursen Leases, either those of mine, or some others of the same kind adjoining to mine; for,' said I, 'there are abundance of acres of ground called by that name, which are so overgrown with furze bushes that a horse may lie concealed there many weeks and not be found. Therefore,' said I, 'the best advice I can give thee is to get a great deal of company, and search those grounds as diligently as though you were beating for a hare. And if thou dost so, I am of the mind thou wilt find thy horse.' The man took my advice and did find him; and where is the cunning of all this? This is no more than their own reason might have directed them to, had they given themselves time to think."

Bishop. "I wanted to hear those three stories from your own mouth, although I could not nor should not have credited them in the same sense Mr. Bull related them. But I believe you, John. And now, Mr. Bernett, we will ask John some serious questions. I can compare John to nothing but a good ring of bells. You know, Mr. Bernett, a ring of bells can be made of as good metal as can be put into bells, but they may be out of tune. So we may say of John. John is a man of as good metal as any man I ever met with, but he is quite out of tune."

J. R. "Thou mayest very well say so, for I cannot tune after thy pipes."

Bishop. "Well, John, I remember to have read that, at the preaching of the apostle, the heart of Lydia was opened. Can you tell us what it was that opened Lydia's heart?"

J. R. "Yes, I believe I can."

Bishop. "I thought so. I desire you to do it."

J. R. "It was no other than the key of David."

Bishop. "Nay, now, John, I think you are going wrong."

J. R. "If thou wilt please to speak, I will hear thee, but if thou wouldst have me speak, I desire thee to hear me."

Bishop. "Come, Mr. Bernett, we will hear John."

J. R. "It is written, Thou hast the key of David, which opens and none can shut, and if thou shut there is none can open. And this is no other than the spirit of our Lord Jesus Christ. It was the same spiritual key that opened the heart of Moses, the first penman of Scripture, and gave him a sight of things from the beginning, and it was the same spiritual key that opened the hearts of all the holy prophets, patriarchs and apostles in ages past, who left their experiences of the things of God upon record. Which, if they had not done, you bishops and priests would have had nothing now to make a trade of. For it is by telling people the experiences of those holy men that you now get your great bishoprics and parsonages. And the same spiritual key has, blessed be God, in measure opened my heart and given me to distinguish between things that differ, and it must be the

same that must open thy heart, if ever thou knowest it truly opened."

Bishop. "It is the truth! the very truth! I never heard it so defined before. John, I have done you much wrong, and I desire you to forgive me. And pray God to forgive me, and I will never wrong you more."

We have no information that the bishop was fully convinced by John Roberts's plain statements; but we to-day are grateful that the opportunity presented itself for this interview. Profound truths are most clearly stated in the simplest language, and John Roberts seems to have had the gift of making statements clear and simple, if sometimes somewhat blunt. Bishop Nicholson served his day and generation, but is little known to us of the present age, unless it be for the indifferent showing he made in this encounter with the ready-witted Quaker.

YOUTHFUL DISCIPLES

"Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of God."

Luke xviii, 6.

"Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise."

Matthew xxi, 16.



CASTLE WALK, COLCHESTER.

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YOUTHFUL DISCIPLES.

In reading the history of the early days of the Society of Friends we find many interesting accounts of the dedicated lives of even very young children, and of the Christian manner in which they were enabled to go about their Master's business, and often to bear cruel persecutions, imprisonments, and even death for His sake.

Soon after the restoration of King Charles II. in 1660, great persecutions arose against the Friends, and many were cast into prison for coming peaceably together to hold their meetings for worship. Among those who were very cruel to Friends was a man named William Armorer. He came again and again to the meeting held in the house of Thomas Curtis, until finally he had sent all the men and women to prison, and none were left to hold the meetings but the children. They, however, met together as usual, and when William Armorer came one day to Thomas Curtis's house and found only a few boys and girls in the meeting he was very angry, and he and his men pulled them out and "struck one of the maidens with his club so that she felt it for some time after." They also beat some of the boys, and threatened to send them to prison. This it was unlawful to do to chil-

dren under sixteen years of age, but when we read the accounts given us of the utter disregard of right and justice in the treatment of the fathers and mothers of these young people, even though their persecutors professed to be breaking up their meetings because they were held contrary to law, we need not be surprised that the children had to suffer as well as their parents. Thomas Curtis, writing to George Fox, says: "Our little children kept the meetings up when we were all in prison, notwithstanding that wicked justice." We are told that George Fox, in visiting the family of Thomas Curtis not long before, warned them that trouble was in store for them, and especially he encouraged the older children to faithfulness.

This happened near Reading in Berkshire. In the town of Bristol also the children under sixteen years of age kept up the meetings after all the men and women had been sent to prison. Although they were not within the reach of the law, some were put in the stocks and whipped with whalebone whips; at one time nineteen youths were sent to the House of Correction and kept there for some time. Though they were threatened with whipping if ever they returned to the meeting, yet when released, they remained steadfast, so great was their zeal. thus showing their enemies that God would not permit the meetings of the Quakers to be suppressed. This was about 1682. In our own days of peace and comfort, when we all may worship God as we think best, though, perhaps, we sometimes feel it a hardship to have to go to meetings, it is well for us to remember how this lib-

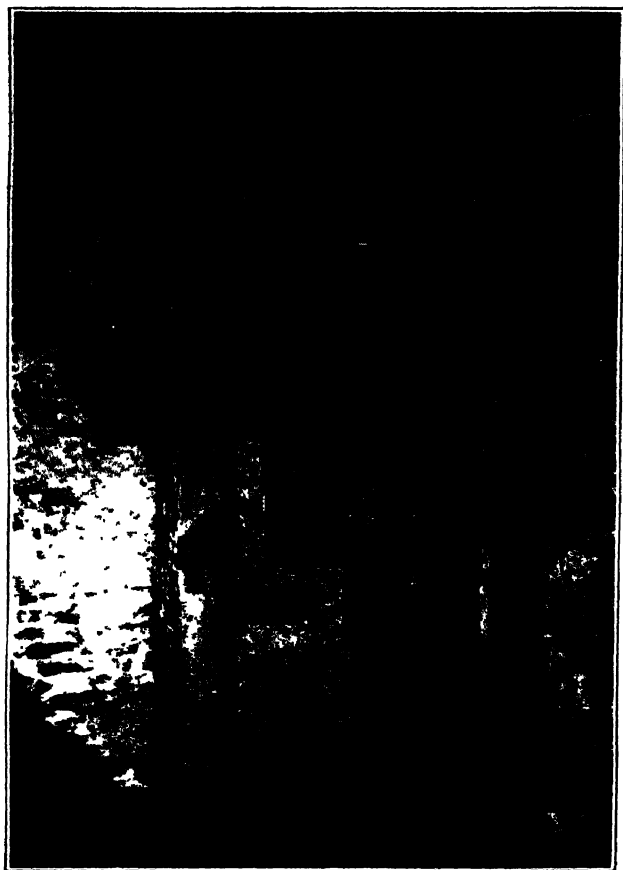
erty was purchased for us by the brave men, women and children, who endured cruel persecutions with such patience and courage.

Perhaps the saddest story of all is that of James Parnell, who died a martyr to the cause of religious liberty in Colchester Castle, fourth of Fifth Month, 1656, aged about eighteen years. He was born in East Retford, Nottinghamshire, in 1638. His parents were sufficiently well off to give him a good education in the Grammar School of his native town. His writings show that his training was good, and that he had a certain amount of knowledge of classics and history. His thorough acquaintance with the Scriptures he doubtless owed to his own studious habits and serious turn of mind. When about fifteen he was apprenticed to his father's trade, probably that of a shoemaker, though it is not likely that he ever became very proficient in it. Like John Bunyan, he tells us he was "as perfect in sin" as any in the town, and "even exceeded many" in the wickedness of his life. Like Bunyan, too, we may feel sure he appeared worse to himself than he did to others. At this time, when he was perhaps fourteen years old, he was a small, undersized, intelligent, and clever boy, "mean" in appearance, but thoughtful beyond his years. When about fifteen he became dissatisfied with the form of worship in which he had been trained by his parents, and, like others of whom we read in those days, he went to the priests with his difficulties, but they did not help him, so he began to seek for others "with whom he might have union." At last he heard of

George Fox, who was then in Carlisle gaol, and walked one hundred and fifty miles to see him. What passed between them we do not know, but soon afterwards James became a convinced and settled Friend, and was at once rejected by his family. He started out as a minister when about sixteen years old.

One of his first visits was to Cambridge "to see," as he says, "what the Lord had for me to do there, and He that called me went along with me." He was soon put into prison for setting up in the market-place two papers against the corruptions of the magistrates. It was quite common in those days for prisoners to lie apparently forgotten from session to session of the courts without being brought to trial. For six months he was kept in confinement, and was finally released and driven out of the town by a furious mob armed with clubs. He returned, however, somewhat later to hold disputations with the Baptist preachers of the town. These occasions frequently ended in riot and confusion.

It was the custom in those days to allow people to speak in the "churches" after the ministers were done, and this Friends often did, though they were many times unjustly accused of interrupting the ministers. We will have to admit, however, that their zeal did occasionally get the better of their prudence. In the summer of 1655, James went into Essex and came to the town of Colchester. He was the first Friend to preach in this county, and here he had strenuous service. One First-day, a week before his final arrest, he spent the



JAMES PARNELL'S CELL DOOR, COLCHESTER JAIL.

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morning at his lodgings, where all who would could come and hear him. Then he went into a "church" on the High Street and spoke to the congregation when the sermon was ended. In the afternoon he addressed a large gathering of about one thousand people in a yard, speaking from the window of a hay-loft. We can picture this pale, sickly boy, so insignificant in figure, yet with a soul of fire, and undaunted courage which carried him through every obstacle; and though he could meekly take a blow for Christ's sake, yet he could flame into righteous anger when he was defending the divine right of conscience or pointing out the hypocrisy of his opposers. After this exhausting day he spoke in the evening to the children of the French and Flemish weavers, many of whom lived in the town. Can we wonder that his term of service was short?

The next First-day after preaching in the town of Coggeshall, where a fast had been proclaimed to pray against the errors of the Quakers, he was arrested and shut up in Colchester Castle. After a time he was brought to trial, and though nothing was proved against him he was fined £40, and sentenced to remain in prison until the amount was paid; the jailer was charged to allow no "giddy-headed" people to see him, by which curious name the serious and sober-minded followers of George Fox were called. The jailer and his wife were very cruel to this poor boy, and the comforts sent to him by his friends were never allowed to reach him.

At first he was probably confined in one of the

dungeons in the round eastern tower of the castle. Light could scarcely get in through wedge-shaped slits in the walls, which were ten feet thick, and air was admitted only through the grated door opening into an inner court. James was not allowed to take exercise in the yard, and once his plea for air was answered by locking him outside his cell all night in the cold. Later in his imprisonment, with great difficulty, a few Friends got permission to visit him. George Fox saw him once for a very short time. At Christmas time he was put into a hole in the castle wall twelve feet above ground, reached only by a ladder of half that height. He was expected to lower himself by a rope till he could touch the ladder when he came down for his food. No wonder that in this wretched place, without air or light, with no means of warmth, the poor boy grew weak and sickly, so that we are not surprised to read that one day, in trying to climb up to his cell, he missed his footing and fell to the stones below. His friends had provided him with a basket to lower for his food, but the cruel jailer would not allow him to use it. After this fall he was put into another hole in the wall not so high up, which was called the Oven. It was now bitterly cold, but the little charcoal stove provided by his friends to give him some comfort was denied him, and even the food sent to him was given by the jailer's wife to other prisoners. He had kind friends outside, one of whom, named Thomas Shorthand, offered to take his place in the prison till he regained his health. Thomas Talcott, a man of means, offered

a bond of £40 that James should be returned if only he could be taken home and nursed, but all to no avail.

As spring advanced it became evident that this brave young soldier was nearing the end of his physical endurance. But his spirit was as courageous as ever. He wrote to Friends : " I had a time to preach the Truth among you, and now I have a time to seal the same." He was glad that his " imprisonment had been serviceable." For the last ten days of his life he could take only a little water. And so this young martyr laid down his life in the cause of Truth, his silent heroism doing more than his preaching had done; for in the town of Colchester within a few years there were a thousand Friends in a population of eight thousand.

He was quite a writer, too, having put forth a number of small books, or pamphlets, some of them written while he was in Colchester Castle. The titles of these, like those of other writings of that day, were odd, as "*Christ Exalted in His Throne*," "*The Trumpet of the Lord Blown*," "*A Shield of Truth*," and "*Goliath's Head Cut Off*," in the last of which he compares himself to little David cutting off the head of Thomas Ray, who had written a book against Friends. When we remember that he was a minister only about two years, and that nearly eleven months of that time he was in Colchester Jail, we are astonished at what he accomplished. "Not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord."

Crossing the Atlantic to New England we shall see how far from true are the lines of the poem,

“They have left *unstained* what there they found,
Freedom to worship God,”

if these words are applied to the stern old Puritans. The Pilgrims were more lenient. Friends had been cruelly treated in and about Boston for some years, and finally in Tenth Month, 1658, a law was passed by which all of the “cursed sect of Quakers” were to be banished on pain of death. To the credit of some, at least, of the legislators it may be said that this law was passed by a majority of only one. Among the earlier victims of this cruel law were two infirm old people, Laurence and Cassandra Southwick, who were ordered to leave the colony within two weeks or suffer death. They had suffered much before, and this last blow was too much for their failing strength; so in a very short time after reaching a place of safety on Shelter Island, and within three days of each other, they were released from all their troubles by death. But they had left behind them in Salem a son Daniel and a daughter Provided. After being thus left orphans, with nothing in the way of worldly goods—for their parents had been reduced to poverty by their cruel persecutors—these young people continued to absent themselves from public worship. For this offence they were fined £10 each, and if they could not pay it, were to be sold as slaves to Virginia or Barbados. But no captain could be found willing to take them on board his ship, and, as the authorities did not know what to do with them, they were finally released. Our good poet Whittier has written a poem on this subject which he calls the

"Ballad of Cassandra Southwick." Perhaps the girl's name of Provided did not sound sufficiently poetic! We can but wonder why her parents gave her that name. He tells how the poor girl was taken from prison down to the wharf, where stood the "grim and stout sea-captains with faces bronzed and old," and how the sheriff asked which of them would take her away and sell her as a slave, holding her "at a higher price than Indian girl or Moor." For a long time no one spoke; at last a gruff old captain answered:

"Pile my ship with bars of silver—pack with coins of Spanish gold

From keel-piece up to deck-plank the roomage of her hold,
By the living God who made me, I would rather in your bay
Sink ship, and crew, and cargo than bear this child away!"

"Well answered, worthy captain! Shame on their cruel laws,
Ran through the crowd in murmurs; loud the people's just applause."

And so Governor Endicott and his officers were obliged to turn baffled and angry away. It would be interesting to know what became of these young people in after years.

In the same year (1659) a little girl of eleven years old named Patience Scott felt called to go one hundred and five miles to Boston "to bear witness against the persecuting spirit" of the rulers. She was several weeks in the city before she was arrested and cast into prison with several other Friends. After being a prisoner three months she was brought to trial, and the magistrates could not understand how so young a child should be able to answer them so wisely. Not

recognizing that her Heavenly Father was helping her, they concluded that she was an instrument of Satan, marveling that he should be obliged to use such a child to carry out his evil designs! They were ashamed to banish her on pain of death, not thinking that she was old enough to understand the principles of Quakerism, so they "admonished her and instructed her according to her capacity" and sent her home.

Besides James Parnell, of whom we have already spoken, we find many instances of very young people being wonderful preachers. Edward Burrough began to preach when only eighteen years old, and traveled a great deal as a minister, mostly in company with his dear friend, Francis Howgill. But like James Parnell, he laid down his life in prison when still a young man. George Whitehead, when only seventeen years old, traveled much on foot, holding meetings as he went. He was put in prison and endured great hardships in the depth of winter, but he bore this severe test well, continuing faithful to his Lord. The next summer he attended a great meeting held in an orchard, and preached five hours standing on a stool. But a long life in his Master's service was allotted to him, as he lived to be nearly ninety years old, a remarkable preacher for more than seventy years. William Hunt, of North Carolina, began to preach before he was fifteen, and traveled as a minister before he was twenty; during his life he visited all the North American provinces, and nearly all the meetings in them, as well as those of the British Isles

and Holland. While in England in 1772, like a number of other people of that day, he died of small-pox. His son Nathan was also remarkable for his early dedication to the work of the ministry. He tells us that he went to school but six months in his life; but he read all the books he could find, observed their language and cultivated the habit of using it in his common conversation; thus people took him for a learned man. He spent much time in reading the Bible. When he and his brothers were going home from their daily work they picked up pine knots and took them home with them, and when their chores were done, read their books by the light of the blazing fagots. He married at the age of twenty, and had to work hard to support his family. But when the Master called him to travel in the work of the ministry, he did not hesitate, having the assurance that his family should lack nothing during his absence. In his old age he was very fond of children and they, of course, were fond of him. In his letters he often spoke of his grand-children with much affection. Having lived through the Revolutionary war, and to within a few years of the Civil War, he passed away in his ninety-eighth year in 1853. He was very active in the establishment of Friends' Boarding-School in North Carolina, now known as Guilford College.

We read that Jonathan Burnyeat, who was born in Dublin in 1686, went, in company with James Dickinson, on a religious visit to Friends in Scotland when he was but twelve years old. James Dickinson says:

"As he was very young, and had not traveled in Truth's service before, a concern fell upon me for his preservation every way. He grew in his gift so as to give counsel to young and old. He was very zealous against deceit and wickedness." While in Edinburgh he wrote "*A Warning*" to the people of that city, which was printed and circulated. In 1704, when he was about eighteen, these same two Friends visited the north of England together, where James Dickinson says they "traveled together in sweet brotherly love." We have accounts of several other visits which they paid in company, both in England and Ireland. Jonathan Burnyeat tells us that he stayed behind in Ireland for several months to learn surveying, but it is doubtful whether he ever had much time to make use of his knowledge. In the account of the Half-year's meeting in Dublin in 1706 he tells of the discussion Friends had on the subject of education. They were advised "not to keep their children at school too long, nor to put them to high trades above their abilities, but to handicrafts, as carpenters, weavers, shoemakers, etc., that so the creation might be supplied and Friends' children relieved out of idleness and hurtful things." Friends still "have a care" for the education of their children, but they emphasize the importance of a thorough scholastic training more than did the Friends of the seventeenth century.

The children of Robert Barclay were most tenderly cared for by their mother, Christian Barclay, after the death of their father when the eldest was about

sixteen. Not long before this time the father had taken this eldest son to the Court at Windsor when he went to look after the interests of Friends ; it was when James II. was King. Some people wondered that he should subject so young a boy to the temptations of such a corrupt Court ; but no doubt Robert Barclay felt that he could trust his son. In connection with this we read an interesting account of the visit to Scotland a few years later of a Friend named Peter Gardiner, of Essex, England. He was so poor that he had no horse and almost no money for his long journey, yet he never lacked what was needful ; he tells us that he suffered no weariness, and was now as much refreshed by a bit of bread and some water from a brook as he usually was by a full meal. In the course of his journey he came to the home of the Barclays at Ury. During his stay among them several meetings were held, and in these four out of the seven children spoke or offered prayer. In two or three of the meetings Peter said that he felt there was some one who was holding back words that had been given by the Heavenly Father ; in this way he encouraged the children to speak. Christian, who was fourteen, engaged in prayer "to the refreshment of the souls present," and even little David, who was only twelve, said a few words. After their young tutor had also spoken, Peter, with a thankful heart, concluded the meeting with prayer. This Friend, too, finally died of small-pox while still far from his home. Christian Barclay, at the age of nineteen, married Alexander Jaffray, and lived to be over

eighty, her long life "from early youth to her latest moments" being dedicated to her Lord.

When our friend Samuel Morris was but eleven years old a minister from England, who was visiting at his father's home in Germantown, Philadelphia, took father and son aside, and, after a time of silent waiting upon the Lord, said that if he had any true sense of the future he felt convinced that a call to the ministry and a wide field of service lay before Samuel Morris. Such a solemn prospect was never forgotten; many years afterwards, not long before his death, and after he had traveled thousands of miles in his Master's service, he stood one Fifth-day after meeting in Germantown and watched the school-children at play; speaking of their future, he recalled how as a boy of twelve in his father's garden he had been given to see something of the work to which he should be called in years to come. "I saw Europe and I saw Australia," he said. We are also told that in later years, so distinct at times were the intimations of the Divine Will, that he heard almost an audible voice or felt a hand laid upon his shoulder. This dear Friend was remarkable for his trustfulness and Christian cheerfulness, taking no anxious thought for the morrow. Why should he? as he had so many times proved the truth of his Master's words: "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." He once gave advice to a person just beginning to speak in meeting something like this: "Simple obedience is what we are to seek after; just to put aside the urgings and debates of our own minds and simply obey the

dear Master—that is all.” If we could all, old as well as young, in regard to the little every-day affairs of life as well as to the greater ones, just remember that —“simply obey the dear Master”—how happy we should be! In this way we should show to those around us that we do not serve a hard Master, and that no one has a better right to be cheerful than the true Christian. Although instances are very rare of individuals being employed in the work of the ministry so young, and many are not called at any period of their lives into very conspicuous service in the church, yet we are all required, through faith and obedience, to let our light so shine before men that they may see our good works and glorify our Father who is in Heaven. Therefore, let none of us be discouraged by these accounts of what has been done by even very young children “in the brave days of old.” Our Heavenly Father may not call us to preach in meetings, but He will surely give us all some work to do for Him if we are willing and obedient, and like little Samuel say to the still, small voice speaking in our own hearts, “Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth.” Remember that our Savior said that even so small a thing as giving a cup of cold water to one in need should not lose its reward. A kind word costs so little, yet how much good it can do. Even a smile to one who is lonely will perhaps brighten the whole day.

“Little deeds of kindness,
Little words of love,
Make this earth an Eden,
Like the Heaven above.”

EDWARD BURROUGH

(1634–1662)

FRANCIS HOWGILL

(1618–1668)

EDWARD BURROUGH.

In the little graveyard of Bunhill Fields, in London, which adjoins the Friends' meeting-house, stands one single gravestone bearing the name of George Fox. All the rest of the ground is leveled over, as is the ground at Fourth and Arch Streets, Philadelphia. Inside the meeting-house is a large tablet bearing an inscription something like this: "In the graveyard adjoining rest the remains of Edward Burrough and seventy other Friends who died in the prisons of London."

This small yard is probably a part of the large graveyard once used by Dissenters, and now separated from the Friends' ground by a street. In the larger yard lie John Bunyan, Isaac Watts, Daniel Defoe, and many more, whose resting places are marked by more or less imposing monuments; that of Defoe bears an inscription which tells that the money for it was given by seventeen hundred children, readers of "*Robinson Crusoe*."

Edward Burrough was born at Underbarrow, in Westmoreland, in 1634. His parents were members of the Church of England, and were able to give their son a good education. He seems to have been a thoughtful boy, even when very young, abstaining

from the ordinary amusements of youth and enjoying the company and conversation of pious persons of mature minds. He was very fond of reading the Bible, and, having a good memory, became well versed in its contents.

He says that his religion at this time consisted in "going one day in seven to hear a man preach; to read and sing and rubble over a prayer; whilst I was wanton and light and lived in pleasure without the fear of God, not knowing God but by hearsay and tradition." But when he grew towards twelve years of age something stirred in him and showed him that there was a higher religion than that he was exercised in.

He went to various places of worship, and thinking at length that the Presbyterians had more that seemed like Truth than churchmen, he joined with them, and as they made much of him he grew in vanity and lightness and pride. When he was about seventeen he became again dissatisfied; and when he had been praying he heard as it were a voice telling him that he was ignorant of God, and it was not worth while for him to pray. He also left off reading the Scriptures, and was in a very depressed state of mind. Still he was much separated from the world and worldly people, and often felt called to reprove such, who treated him scornfully in consequence.

Later he tells us that it pleased the Lord to show Himself to him, giving him sweet refreshment and opening portions of Scripture to him. But he seems to have gone before his guide, and grew up into

"notions" and liked to talk of high things. He was at this time proud and self-conceited, and lost that sweet peace he had previously known. Soon, however, he became dissatisfied with the preaching of the priests, and longed for a fuller knowledge of the Truth.

At this crisis, when he was about eighteen, George Fox came to Underbarrow, and Edward Burrough had to confess that this faithful servant of the Lord "spoke a language that he did not know, notwithstanding all his high talking;" yet as he was unwilling to "endure the sound doctrine, he at first turned away from the truth," endeavoring to refute it by skillful arguments. These efforts to fight against God were unavailing; he could not but see the agreement of George Fox's teaching with the Scriptures, and the Holy Spirit showed him the state of his own heart; this sight was followed by a day of weeping, mourning and misery. Then it was that he gave up all to his Divine Master and joined himself to the despised people called Quakers.

His parents turned him out of the house, not even allowing him to work for them as a servant, which he offered to do. About two months after his conviction he received a call to the ministry, and from this time until his death, ten years later, he devoted himself wholly to this work, traveling from place to place—very often in company with Francis Howgill, who was sixteen years his senior—abundant and untiring in his labors for the Lord. There appears to be no record that he had any outward means

of support, nor any account of his parents relenting and supplying him with money, so it must have been that Friends took care of him.

We read later on that the number of traveling Friends who were now frequently in London, many of them persons of very small means, who could ill afford to bear their own expenses, furnished an opportunity to their brethren of that city for contributing occasionally to their support, yet a care rested on the minds of the travelers not to be burdensome to any. It is probable that Friends in other places, particularly Margaret Fell, sent of their abundance to Edward Burrough and Francis Howgill, and thus furnished supplies to the faithful travelers who had not of their own. A Friend wrote: "If any want, our friends Francis and Edward supply them. The charge truly is great, but our desire is to make it as easy as possible."

At an early period the storm of persecution broke forth in the north of England, of which Edward Burrough had his full share; but this did not deter him from endeavoring faithfully to occupy the gift committed to him. He traveled through the northern counties and into Scotland, and many were awakened by his ministry and joined the Society of Friends. He was at this time in his nineteenth year, yet was accounted an able minister of the Gospel, being zealous in his Master's cause and wise in spiritual things, earnest in his manner and fluent in the delivery of those important doctrines which he was commissioned to preach.

He spoke in the markets, the streets, in places of public worship, wherever his Master sent him. He had also a remarkable gift in discerning the states and conditions of those among whom he was sent, and the exercise of this wisdom, as well as his zeal, was often called for.

His first imprisonment was at the close of 1653 or beginning of 1654; he was arrested for writing a letter of Christian reproof to one who was living in gross wickedness. While in prison he wrote "*A Warning from the Lord to the Inhabitants of Underbarrow, and so to all the Inhabitants of England.*" He also wrote an address to his brethren in the faith; indeed, we find from this time on his pen was seldom idle.

In the spring of 1654 Friends, who up to this time had traveled mostly in the northern and middle counties of England, went south, especially to the city of London; and among these was Edward Burrough. It appears that the first person professing the doctrines of Friends in London was Gervase Benson. He wrote to George Fox in the autumn of 1653 that he was drawn there by the love of God, and was kept there waiting on the Lord to do whatsoever He should require of him.

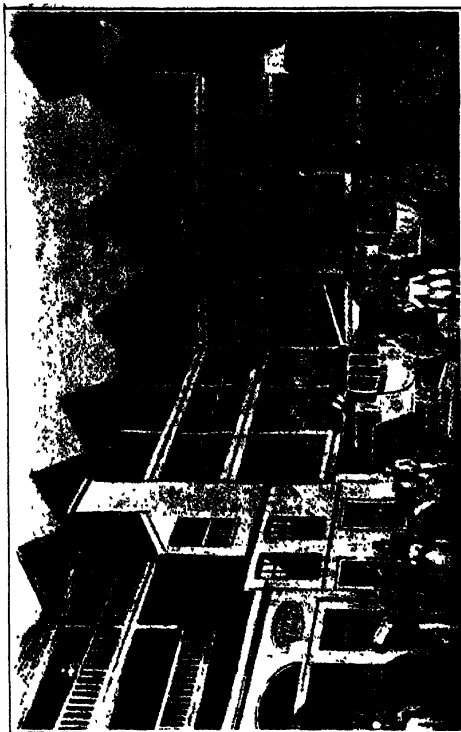
At that time many public meetings were held for discussing religious subjects. To one of these Gervase Benson went, but did not find it of profit and told the people so. But there was a spirit of inquiry about Friends awakened in many who had heard of their labors in the north, and among these he had some

service. Some also had printed books for Friends, and thus became in a measure acquainted with their doctrines. Two women Friends came and found a few who opened their houses to them and some meetings were held.

We are told that about sixty Friends from the north left their homes in the Fourth and Fifth Months of 1654 and traveled south, preaching as they went, and in the Fifth Month several of them came to London. Among these are mentioned John Camm, who came with Edward Burrough, Francis Howgill, who was afterwards his almost constant companion, Anthony Pearson, and Richard Hubberthorne. The last-named died in Newgate prison a short time before Edward Burrough.

Many meetings for religious discussion, in which much liberty was allowed, and many others for religious edification, equally liberal in their character, were held there in those days. To both classes of these meetings Edward Burrough went, sometimes alone and sometimes in company with two or more of his fellow-laborers. Many were convinced by their ministry, and the meetings held in Friends' houses grew rapidly in size; a great sensation was produced among those of the religious world who were seeking a nearer acquaintance with God and a more sure way to His kingdom. There were a number of sects, the Lockers, the Waiters, the Seekers, and others, whose names show a groping after the Truth.

We have an account of one First-day in London, in which we are told how the different Friends, either



BULL AND MOUTH INN, LONDON.

(The Bull and Mouth Inn is closely associated with the history of Friends on account of the large meetings held there during the early years of the Society. The meeting room was either part of the Inn or closely attached to it, and was large enough to hold 1,000 persons, though at present, probably, that many of them had to stand. The premises were first taken by Friends in 1651, and held until the Great Fire of 1666. After the premises had been restored Friends continued to occupy them until the year 1740. When the Magistrates drove the Friends from the room and boarded up the door, they met in the adjoining street or courtyard. Probably no Meeting Room ever used by Friends has greater interest to the antiquarian than that in which the Bull and Mouth Meeting was held.)

alone or in twos and threes, were at different places through the city. Edward Burrough and Francis Howgill in the morning were disputing with a Ranter, and John Camm was with those who were trying to make a new version of the Scriptures to suit their own peculiar views. At mid-day they met together with feelings of gratitude to their Heavenly Father, and again dispersed for the afternoon. Richard Hubberthorne went to the meeting of Friends, whilst Francis Howgill and Anthony Pearson visited the translators and had good service among them. Edward Burrough was at a place of worship attended by the highest professors of religion in the city. Before the priest had ended the service the others came in, and when he was done Edward Burrough stepped upon a seat, and in a loud and animated voice spoke for about an hour, after which Francis Howgill was permitted to relieve his mind. John Camm had gone to a Baptist meeting where he had been allowed to preach. In the evening they all met together in sweet unity of spirit and closed the day in peace, enjoying the communion and fellowship of the saints and the fresh feeling of their Heavenly Father's love.

Many of you are doubtless familiar with the story of how one summer evening Edward Burrough was walking in the outskirts of the city and came upon a crowd of people watching some wrestlers. A strong athletic man was standing alone in the ring, having thrown several and no one else caring to try. As he thus stood Edward Burrough stepped into the ring.

Every one was surprised at this and waited to see what would happen. After a few moments of silence he addressed the bystanders in a powerful and awakening manner. Many of his hearers were deeply affected by his discourse, for he was aptly called "a breaker of stony hearts, a son of thunder, as well as a consoler of the contrite in spirit."

In a letter written about this time to Margaret Fell, Edward Burrough says: "We have three meetings or more every week, very large, more than any place will contain that we can conveniently meet in." He and Francis Howgill still remained in London after the other Friends had passed on to other parts of England. Francis Howgill writes in the Seventh Month: "We have been at the most eminent societies in the city, and we have had strong fightings with them over and over, and at some steeple-houses; no place large enough for us, so that we are much put to it." In another letter he says: "Our burden is great; we cannot get any separation (of Friends from others) on account of the multitude, and so Friends do not know one another. We cannot conveniently get any place to meet in where Friends may sit down."

Somewhat later, speaking of a visit of George Fox to London, Edward Burrough says that George Fox was attending the small meetings of Friends in private houses (showing that they did succeed before long in establishing such separate meetings), while he and Francis Howgill were in the general meeting-place (probably the "Bull and Mouth," which held a

thousand people) among the rude world "threshing and ploughing."

The priests often beheld with dismay their congregations leaving them. The Friends preached no new doctrines, but primitive Christianity revived. They did not call attention to curious speculations and outward forms and ceremonies, but directed their hearers to Christ Jesus who had given them a measure of His light and grace to profit withal.

For a few months our two friends, Edward Burrough and Francis Howgill, spent some time in the south of England, but soon returned to London. We find Edward Burrough busy with his pen, and according to the quaint custom of the time he gave curious titles to the tracts he wrote. Here is one: "*The Walls of Jericho Razed Down to the Ground, or an Answer to a Lying Book called 'The Quaker Principles Dashed in Pieces by Enoch Hewitt.'*"

Friends were accused of denying the Scriptures and the Lord Jesus, both of which charges were clearly refuted. Edward Burrough wrote numerous addresses to Oliver Cromwell, asking for that liberty of conscience which the Protector professed to believe in; but Friends found that he was more anxious to curry favor with those in power than to help the poor Quakers. After the return of Charles II., Edward Burrough went to him in person, and was instrumental in delivering the Friends in Boston jail, awaiting death at the hands of Governor Endicott, when Samuel Shattuck carried "*The King's Missive.*"

In 1655 Edward Burrough went on a religious

visit to Ireland, and Francis Howgill went with him. They left things in England in a sad condition. Persecution had arisen almost everywhere, and most of the active ministers were in prison. Our friends spent some months in Ireland, and were finally in the First Month, 1656, forcibly placed on a vessel and sent back to England. On getting as far as Lancashire they heard that "Francis's dear wife is departed this life, which will be a little hindrance to him at present as to settle his children and the like."

He did not stay long with them, however, as we soon hear of him again in London. Edward Burrough in the meantime had finished a work entitled "*A Description of the State and Condition of all Mankind on the Face of the Earth*," and not long after, Francis Howgill writes to Margaret Fell: "We have about twenty meetings in a week, and ten or twenty miles around there are great desires; if we can we go out, but we cannot stay. Great is our care. Edward Burrough salutes thee; he is almost spent." Can we wonder?

William Crouch, who died in 1710, aged eighty, thus speaks of Edward Burrough and Francis Howgill and their labors in London in 1656: "They were the Apostles of this city, by whom many were gathered, both sons and daughters, and were settled through the grace of God in the faith of the Gospel." He goes on to tell of a number of meetings being settled, meeting-houses built, etc.—among others, Peel Meeting, now said to be the oldest meeting-house in London. Of Edward Burrough he says

that though young he was of undaunted courage, set above the fear of his enemies, and in one of those large public meetings at the "Bull and Mouth," when all was noise and confusion, some accusing the Quakers of heresy and others trying to defend them, he has seen Edward Burrough step upon a bench with his Bible in his hand, for he generally carried it with him, and speak to the people with such power that they became calm and attentive and departed peaceably with seeming satisfaction.

A great many of the clergy and others were engaged in writing against Friends. These accused them of not believing in the divinity of our Savior nor in His sacrifice for us upon the cross, and of dwelling more upon the Light within. But Friends, of course, refuted these charges, saying, among other things, that they dwelt less on the outward sacrifice, because that was generally believed in by all Christian denominations. John Bunyan was one who was very zealous against Friends, and more than once Edward Burrough replied to his charges, once in a tract called "*Truth the Strongest of All.*" But John Bunyan did not appear to know when he was beaten!

Edward Burrough wrote a number of letters, both of counsel and encouragement, to his brethren in the Faith. One written about the time of James Nayler's fall is addressed to "all the called and chosen to faithfulness in Christ Jesus and to such as are found worthy to suffer." In 1657-8 he seems to have been very busy, both writing and holding public disputes, and he wrote a "*Second General Epistle to all the*

Saints," and we find many more written to Friends in various places. In "*A Just and Lawful Trial of the Teachers and Professed Ministers of this Age*," he draws a striking contrast between the hireling priests of his day and the ministers of the Apostolic age. In the same year he wrote "*A Standard Lifted Up and an Ensign Held Forth to All Nations*," in which he sets forth the doctrines and testimonies of Friends, and a little later he wrote "*The True Christian Religion Again Discovered After the Long Dark Night of Apostasy*." At this time he was but twenty-three years old. We have not space to tell of Edward Burrough's numerous addresses to Oliver Cromwell, Richard Cromwell, then to the Long Parliament, and finally to Charles II. We do not find that he ever made much impression on Oliver Cromwell; Richard Cromwell could not have done much if he had been so disposed, but Edward Burrough did prevail with Charles II., as we have before stated.

In 1659 Edward Burrough was in Buckinghamshire, and there held a meeting at a place called "The Grove," about a mile from Isaac Penington's. On this occasion Thomas Elwood was convinced of the truth of Quakerism. They dined together at Isaac Penington's after meeting, and Thomas Elwood's father got into an argument with Edward Burrough on the subject of predestination, but was soon willing to drop the discourse, having got the worst of the argument. Thomas Elwood says: "As for Edward Burrough, he was a brisk young man and of a ready tongue." Edward Burrough afterwards

gave his opinion of the family—father, daughter and son—as follows: “The old man is settled on his lees, the young woman is light and airy, but the young man is reached, and may do well if he does not lose it.”

In 1660 he spent six months in Ireland, and traveled he tells us nearly two thousand miles to and fro in the principal cities and towns. till his work there was fully ended for the present. The next year he went again to Bristol. Though a young man and in the prime of life, yet he felt that his day's work was nearly over. He said many times to Friends there that he did not know that he should see their faces more. His last words to some were: “I am going up to the city of London again, to lay down my life for the Gospel and suffer amongst Friends in that place.”

Thus under a sense of the near approach of death he went up to London, and soon after reaching there was arrested while preaching at the “Bull and Mouth.” He was violently pulled down and sent to Newgate prison. He was brought before his judges at the Old Bailey, and finally, after many delays, was sentenced to pay a large fine, or to stay in prison till it was paid. Many Friends were confined there at the time, shut up among felons, with very little room and in filthy places, in consequence of which their health gave way. Richard Hubberthorne died in about two months, but as Edward Burrough was young and strong he was able to hold out longer. King Charles II., who had great respect for him,

hearing of the condition of things in the prison, sent a special order for the release of Edward Burrough and some others, but the cruel and persecuting Alderman Brown with other magistrates contrived to thwart it. After about eight months' imprisonment Edward Burrough was taken sick and grew rapidly worse. It soon became evident that he was hastening to the close of his labors on earth and going to enjoy the crown immortal in Heaven.

He was much engaged in prayer for himself and his people, being permitted to feel an assurance of his acceptance by his Heavenly Father. He said: "I have had the testimony of the Lord's love to me from my youth up; and my heart has been given up to do His will," with many other like expressions showing the calm and peaceful state of his mind. Knowing that death was near, just before the close he said: "Though this body of clay must return to dust, yet I have a testimony that I have served God in my generation; and that spirit which has acted and ruled in me shall yet break forth in thousands."

Thus sustained by the power of God, in the faith and hope of the Gospel of Christ, this valiant young martyr closed his life on the fourteenth of the Twelfth Month, 1662, aged about twenty-eight years. His faithful friend Francis Howgill wrote a beautiful testimony concerning him in which he says: "Oh, Edward Burrough! I cannot but mourn for thee, yet not as one without hope or faith. I am distressed for thee, my brother. Very pleasant hast thou been to me. My love to thee was wonderful, passing the love

of women." When George Fox heard of the death of this "valiant warrior, more than conqueror," as he calls him, "being sensible how great a grief and exercise it would be to Friends to part with him," he wrote a few lines counselling them so to live in Christ as "to feel dear Edward Burrough among them," that they might thus "enjoy him in the life that doth not change, which is invisible."

It is hard for us to appreciate that the varied labors here outlined were accomplished between the ages of eighteen and twenty-eight. No doubt Edward Burrough was endowed with a powerful intellect, a large amount of energy of character, and the good gift of physical strength. But it was not in these alone that his "glorious success," as Sewel calls it, lay. "Surely it lay rather in this: called, chosen, and faithful; conscious that without Christ we can do nothing, he placed himself and his all at the disposal of his Lord."

Sewel also, after speaking of the treatment Edward Burrough received from his parents, goes on to say:—

"This he bore patiently and continued faithful in the doctrine he had embraced, and in process of time he became a very eminent minister of the Gospel. But what adversities did he not undergo? Reviling, slandering, buffeting, and caning were often his lot; watching and fasting were many times his portion; imprisonments, great jeopardies, and dangers of life he was not unacquainted with. But nothing could make this hero shrink; he was always laborious and

seldom had any hours of rest. In his preaching he was very acceptable, and eloquent in his speech, and had the tongue of a learned orator to declare himself to the understandings and consciences of all men he met. He was also a great writer, and often would engage in disputes with those of other persuasions, sparing no pains where he thought he could serve the Lord and the Church."

FRANCIS HOWGILL.

In that remarkable missionary movement which distinguished the early days of Quakerism, the chief share was taken by sixty men, of whom twenty-five had their homes among the Westmoreland fells. Of these, Francis Howgill was one of the most earnest and able. He was born at Todthorne, near Grayrigg, in 1618, two years before the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers at Plymouth Rock. This retired place in Westmoreland was always his home; here he brought his first wife Dorothy, who died here in 1655, and also his second wife, who survived him, and here his children were born. A crumbling wall still shows where the farm-house stood amid green pastures, by a little stream which comes rushing down from the hills around.

Besides being a farmer, he had learned the trade of a tailor, and it is supposed that he had practiced both so successfully as to become a man of independent means before he joined the Quakers in 1652; he was then about thirty-four years old. We are told that he had a University education and was ordained as a minister in the Established Church. Being unable to unite with its forms and ceremonies, he left it and joined the Independents, among whom also he

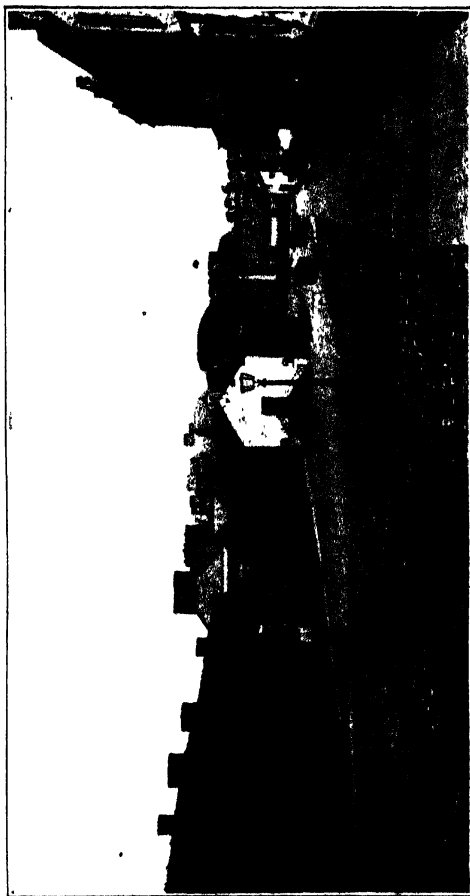
QUAKER BIOGRAPHIES.

became a preacher. Thus we see he had considerable experience in public speaking before he joined Friends.

Like his dear friend Edward Burrough, from the time he was twelve years old he "set his heart to know that God whom the world professed," but could not find Him. He spent much time alone, and was fond of reading and meditation. He prayed "in words" three or four times a day, but knew not where God was, thinking He was at a distance. As he grew older he went about from place to place seeking for the best sermons, and "ran to this man and the other for help, but found it not." He thought no man was so grievously tried and tempted as he was.

As we have said, he left the Established Church and joined the Independents, and spent all the money he could get in buying books in order to study. But he did not find what he desired among the Independents, and next he joined the Anabaptists; but still he was not satisfied. Both he and John Audland, who lived nearby, had been preaching for pay, but after becoming convinced of the principles of Friends both returned the money.

In the year 1652 George Fox, as he traveled up and down, came to Sedbergh, where a fair was being held and the town was full of people. Here he preached for several hours in the "steeple-house" yard, telling his hearers that the Lord would teach His people Himself, trying to lead them away from the world's ways and teachers. The crowd was very quiet and attentive, and when a captain asked George



APPLEBY MARKET PLACE.

Fox why he would not go into the "Church," as the yard was no place to speak in, Francis Howgill spoke up and silenced the captain, saying: "This man speaks with authority and not as the scribes."

The next First-day George Fox climbed to the top of Firbank Fell, where a little meeting-house stood. Here Francis Howgill was preaching as George Fox passed by. After the service was over about a thousand people picnicked on the rocks around, while George Fox had only some water from a brook. He was asked not to reprove Francis Howgill and John Audland publicly, as "they were not parish priests, but pretty tender fellows." But George Fox would not promise, and soon mounting a rock with the people gathered around him, for the space of three hours he preached to them, setting forth clearly that the light of Christ in everyone's heart would surely lead to Christ, the one true Teacher.

In the preaching of George Fox, Francis Howgill found what he had so long sought; he joined Friends and soon became a powerful preacher. George Fox said that he was "one of the Lord's worthies that preached His everlasting word of life from about the year 1652 to 1668." One of the first places he visited after his conviction was Orton, in Westmoreland, and from here he was sent to Appleby jail, and kept there in company with James Nayler for five months. Later in the same year we hear of him again in jail. The priests were particularly angry with Francis Howgill because he had been one himself for a time, and the justices also had many controversies with

him, as he was not slow in exposing their unlawful doings.

Poor James Nayler was later most cruelly treated, but his story does not belong here, as he was not afterwards associated with Francis Howgill. Another life now became bound up with his, and so long as Edward Burrough lived the two were almost constantly together.

English history has much to tell us of the events of those few years. Cromwell's "crowning mercy," the battle of Worcester, in which Prince Charles, afterwards Charles II., was defeated in 1653, and in the same year the driving out of the Rump Parliament, when Cromwell told them "the Lord was done with them;" the calling of Barebones Parliament and the appointing of Cromwell as Lord Protector—all these were having great influence on the English nation. But we find almost no mention of them in Friends' writings of that day.

We read of the visits of several Friends to Oliver Cromwell in an effort to stop the persecutions against the Quakers, among whom was Francis Howgill. Nothing was gained by the interview, however, and Francis Howgill wrote to Margaret Fell: "Oliver is full of subtlety and deceit. He will speak fair, but he hardens his heart and acts secretly underneath." Francis Howgill also wrote to the Protector charging him with forsaking the God who had exalted him "when he was little in his own eyes," and setting forth with manly independence the condition of things in the land—showing how innocent people were shut

up in prison for refusing to swear contrary to God's command—some for declaring openly in the market-places against sin—but we do not find that Cromwell was moved at all by what was said to him, though some of his servants were so affected by Francis Howgill's discourse that they soon afterwards joined Friends.

In the spring of 1654 a number of Friends from the north of England went to London, among them Francis Howgill and Edward Burrough. What a change for them from the pure air of their native hills to the close, dark streets and "robber-haunted corners" of London!

These pioneer preachers in London attended three distinct classes of meetings. First, those for the "simple-hearted, convinced people," whom they tried to gather together apart from disturbing elements, especially a sect called the Ranters, who were a very wild sort of people. Secondly, the meetings for "threshing and ploughing," which were the particular concern of Edward Burrough and Francis Howgill, where many were convinced by their preaching. Thirdly, the meetings with the various sects. Thus we see that the deep spiritual exercises which these Friends had undergone early in their own religious experiences, and the intimate knowledge they possessed of the beliefs and practices of many of the sects, were most helpful to them in dealing with others, and many were thus brought into the Society through their labors.

When, after a few months spent in London, they

went to Bristol, such crowds came to hear them that the magistrates and priests became alarmed, and, having examined them before the council, commanded them to leave the city. They replied that they were free-born Englishmen, were breaking no law and would not obey, but if the magistrates chose to put them out by violence they would not resist. The magistrates did not appear to choose, but when a few weeks afterwards, in their own time we may be sure, our Friends left the city, the mayor published a warrant for their arrest if found there again, accusing them of being Franciscans in disguise.

While they were in Bristol twelve Baptists from a town in Wiltshire came to dispute with them, but the account says "they were soon put to flight." The twelve on their return home reported that Friends were cursers and swearers and denied Christ and the Scriptures. In consequence of this Francis Howgill and Edward Burrough met with fierce treatment when they reached the town. They were permitted to have a meeting in the market-place, on going to which they at first felt low and weak, but soon the power of the Lord so arose that they were able to speak irresistibly for two hours and clear the Truth. Then two Baptists spoke, and they disputed with them for four hours, after which the Baptists "laid aside their boasting." A justice who was present declared he had never heard any speak like Edward Burrough and Francis Howgill. They had a number of meetings in this county, and many were convinced.

On their return to London several meetings were established, and after spending some weeks there they traveled in the eastern and southern counties, and at length went to Ireland. We find that Francis Howgill's wife Dorothy died during his absence. For several years now, from the latter part of 1656 to 1661, we have few particulars concerning his labors, though we do hear of him in one place and another, zealous as ever in his Master's work.

One likes to think that a large part of this time was spent quietly at home with his family at Todthorne, working at his trade of a tailor and looking after his little farm. We read of three children by name—two sons, Thomas and Henry, and a daughter, Abigail—of the last he seemed to be particularly fond. In a long letter of advice left to her at his death, he tells her to love her sisters and be courteous to them, but their names are not mentioned. Abigail was born at a time when he was undergoing great mental conflict, and he was so pleased with the birth of this little girl that he named her Abigail, meaning "Father's joy." He must have married his second wife during this time of comparative quiet, because she is mentioned soon after when he was sent to prison in 1663. We can imagine that during this interval of sunshine he thought a great deal on the subject of the oath of allegiance, for if the persecuting magistrates could find nothing else against Friends, they could always send them to prison for refusing to swear, and Francis Howgill well knew that he was not likely to escape.

Francis Howgill was in London for a little while in 1661, and was imprisoned for a short time with other Friends on the charge of being concerned in the Fifth Monarchy rising, but was soon released. In 1662 he was called to mourn the death of his beloved friend, Edward Burrough, who died of jail fever in Newgate prison. He wrote a most pathetic lament over him, like the lament of David over Jonathan. He did not remain long at liberty after this, for in Fifth Month, 1663, while he was attending the market in Kendal, in Westmoreland, where he tells us he "happened to be about his ordinary concerns," he was sent for by the justices and offered the oath of allegiance and supremacy, refusing which he was sent to Appleby jail, and was kept there for some time in a "smoky hole." When brought out at the assizes the oath was again tendered him. Of course he again refused to swear, and was indicted to appear at the next assizes.

They tried to get him to give bond for his good behavior if they left him at liberty in the meantime, but he would not do this. It is likely, however, that he was allowed a few days to settle his private affairs before returning to prison. On one of these days he went to Grayrigg Hall and talked with Squire Duckett, who was taking great delight in persecuting Friends. Finding the squire could not be moved, he said to him very solemnly: "I am come with a message from the Lord to thee." He went on to tell him that the hand of the Lord was against him and would send a blast upon all his possessions; his name

should be forgotten and his house be desolate, an habitation for jackdaws and owls ; all of which we are told was literally fulfilled.

From the First to the Sixth Month, 1664, Francis Howgill was kept in prison, none being allowed to speak to him, and as the jailer was a cruel man, he was very willing to carry out the orders given him. The wife and friends of the prisoner were doing all they could for him, and when at length he was brought before his judges he pleaded his own cause with learning and ability. He was asked why he refused to go to public worship, and why he would not obey the laws and take the oath ; it was simply the old ground gone over and over again. Francis Howgill offered to affirm his loyalty to the King and government, but swear he could not, as it was contrary to Christ's command, "Swear not at all." Thus the matter was argued back and forth for a long time, and finally the judge pronounced sentence on him as follows : " You are put out of the King's protection and the benefit of the law ; your lands are confiscated to the King during your life, and your goods and chattels forever ; and you to be a prisoner during your life." " A hard sentence," Francis Howgill said, " being only for the exercise of my conscience ; but the will of the Lord be done."

His imprisonment in Appleby jail lasted for three years and eleven months. During this time he wrote many letters to his friends, and also replies to works written against the principles of Quakerism. He was so meek and patient that he gained the love and

esteem of the jailer's whole family and of many others in the town, people coming to him to settle their differences. He was very peaceful and happy, signing one of his epistles, "From Appleby jail, the place of my rest, where my days and hours are pleasant unto me." His last illness continued but ten days; but some time beforehand he had made his will and settled his worldly affairs, being sensible that "his outward man" was failing. The latter part of his confinement was less rigorous than at first, and many people of note, including the mayor of the town, came to see him, and he had much service among them. His love to his friends and fellow-laborers was very great, and he left several bequests among them and a legacy to be distributed to poor Friends in his neighborhood. We may remember that his estate was taken from him only during his life, so that he had something that he could leave to his family and friends.

He died on the twentieth of Eleventh Month, 1668, in the fiftieth year of his age, and was buried at Sunny Bank, Grayrigg. His last remembered words were, "I have sought the way of the Lord from a child and lived innocently among men, and if any inquire concerning my latter end, let them know that I die in the faith in which I lived and for which I suffered."

Francis Howgill also "held the pen of a ready writer;" perhaps the most interesting thing that has come down to us is his letter to his daughter Abigail. He tells her this is for her to observe and keep and

take heed unto all the days of her life. He has no great worldly possessions to leave her, though there will be a little for her, but she is to look mainly to her mother for things needful, who, he tells her, "had a sufficient portion and dowry when he married her, the which he would be very sorry much to lessen or impair." He goes on to tell her why he named her Abigail, and how he was comforted in her and his distress and trouble mitigated at her birth. He gives her much good advice, telling her to remember her Creator in the days of her youth, and to learn to know and love Him all her days; to read the Bible and Friends' books, and to take heed to what she reads. She must ever honor and obey her mother and not be willful nor stubborn, but a help unto her; cherish her in her old age and always live with her. In her youth she must learn to read and write a little, and to sew and knit, and all points of good labor that belong to a maid, and flee idleness and sloth that nourish sin.

Friends in the old days seemed to be very much opposed to idleness, and were not so anxious about book-learning. Notice that Francis Howgill advises his dear Abigail "to learn to read and write a *little*," thinking no doubt that would be all that was needful. And we may wonder what Friends' books he was advising her to read, as there were probably not very many, as early as 1666, but epistles and pamphlets written in defence of the principles of Friends.

After saying Abigail must always live with her mother, he goes on to give her some advice on the

subject of marriage. "Do not thou seek a husband, but let a husband seek thee." She must not let out her affections unto every one that proffers love, but be considerate, and above all things choose one that loves and fears God, "whose conversation thou knowest, and manner and course of life well, before thou give consent;" excellent advice for any young woman even at the present day. She must hide nothing from her mother, who will advise her for her good, and if she does marry she must love her husband and be obedient unto him. "Grieve him not, but be gentle and easily to be entreated, and mind thy own business!" We hope that this much-loved daughter grew up to be such a woman as would have delighted her father's heart.

And so we leave these two brave men, who both exhibit a remarkable combination of "the meekness and gentleness of Christ," with the characteristics of the Christian soldier, one who, as Paul says, has taken unto himself "the whole armor of God"—the shield of faith and the breast-plate of righteousness, the helmet of salvation and the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God, having his feet "shod with the preparation of the Gospel of peace." May we of the present day learn to prize as we should the religious liberty gained for us by the sufferings of these valiant "Quakers of the olden time."

BOSTON MARTYRS

“I suffer for Christ, in whom I live and for whom I die.”

—William Robinson.



SCENE BOSTON

BOSTON MARTYRS.

In the year 1656 there was great excitement in the little town of Boston, and a "council extraordinary" of the magistrates was called to provide for the safety of the town. The cause for alarm was to be found in a vessel that had just come from Barbados and was then lying at anchor in the harbor.

Yet the vessel was no man-of-war ; no pirate's flag with skull and cross-bones flew from the mast-head ; no case of small-pox had been reported on board. What, then, was the cause for so great anxiety ? Merely this fact—Captain Simon Kempthorn had been so thoughtless of Boston's tranquility as to bring, among other passengers on his ship, two *Quaker* women, and the Puritans of Massachusetts were as much afraid of the coming of people who stood for religious liberty as they were afraid of pirates or pestilence.

One might suppose that these Puritans, who had left their homes in England because they could not worship God after the manner they thought right, would have been willing to grant other people the liberties of which they had been deprived. But such was by no means the case. They were most intolerant of any one who disagreed with them on questions of religion ; and as their ministers were expected to ad-

vise and counsel their lawmakers and judges, it was not strange perhaps that people were fined for not attending the public worship, and were made to pay for the support of the minister whether they wished to or not. Only church members were allowed to vote, and every effort was made to keep out of the colony all persons who might spread any opinions different from those held by the leaders of the Puritans.

Twenty-one years before the time of our story Roger Williams had been ordered to leave Massachusetts because he had boldly declared that every one should be allowed to worship God in whatever manner he chose, and that the King of England had no right to give away the land in America, because it belonged by right to the Indians. Later, when an effort was made to arrest him and send him to England, he escaped into the wilderness, where he would doubtless have perished, as the weather was bitterly cold, had it not been for the hospitality of friendly Indians.

The Puritans were not the only narrow-minded people, however, or the only people who used whatever power they had to make others conform to their views. Many new sects had started up in England, and many of the leaders of these sects spent much of their time in quarreling with one another and writing very harsh things about each other. Indeed, we can hardly imagine how angrily they argued about religion (which, if it had been pure religion, should have filled their hearts with love and good will toward everybody), unless we read some of the old pamphlets and books where their fierce discussions may still be found.

You will not be surprised then that the magistrates of Boston called the Quakers "cursed heretics" and their writings "blasphemous heresies," or that when Captain Kempthorn actually brought two Quakers to the town they thought it cause for an "extraordinary council."

Though there was at that time no law of the colony against Quakers, the decision of the council was that these two women should be kept in close imprisonment until they could be transported out of the country, and the captain who brought them must bear the expense of taking them away. Besides this, all the books they had brought with them were to be burned by the hangman.

For five weeks they were kept in as close imprisonment as though they had been hardened criminals, and were allowed no candles, no pens, ink, or paper. They were not even given enough food, and when a kind-hearted man took pity on their half-starved condition he had to pay the jailer five shillings a week for the privilege of feeding the prisoners.

Perhaps when the Puritan ministers and magistrates saw these Friends depart they felt more at ease, but if so their satisfaction was soon disturbed by the arrival of eight more Friends who came from London. These were immediately arrested and put in prison, where they remained for eleven weeks. .

Meantime, the General Court which made laws for the colony passed its first law against the Quakers, which provided that "any master or commander of any ship, bark, etc., who should thenceforth bring

into any harbour in their jurisdiction any Quakers, should pay the sum of £100 to the treasurer of the country or be imprisoned till the payment be made or secured. Any Quaker coming into the country should be committed to the House of Correction, severely whipped, constantly kept at hard labor, and debarred from all intercourse with any person whatever. Importers of Friends' books or writings or whoever should conceal such were to be fined £5. If any inhabitants of the colony defended the book or opinions of Quakers they were to be fined forty shillings for the first offence, for the second £4, and for the third they were to be banished."

Nicholas Upsal, the man who had so kindly fed the two Quaker prisoners, publicly declared that if this law was enforced a judgment would come upon the country, and therefore he desired those who made it "to take heed lest they be found fighting against God." For this cause he was fined £20 and then banished from the colony, notwithstanding he was an old man and it was winter time. He went to Rhode Island, where he was treated with much kindness by an Indian prince who, though a heathen, showed a far more Christ-like spirit than had the Puritans.

The following year two Friends named Anne Burden and Mary Dyer came to Boston. The former, who was a widow, came to collect some debts which were owing to her husband's estate. For no better reason than the fact that she was a Friend, she was put in prison and kept there three months. At the end of that time she was sent out of the

colony on a ship going to England, although she had desired to go to Barbados, and a part of the money she had come to collect was seized on pretence of paying her passage, but the captain never received any of it, and she herself paid him when she reached England.

Mary Dyer, her companion, was merely passing through Boston on her way to her home in Rhode Island. She was also imprisoned until her husband, hearing of her plight, secured her release by coming after her and promising not to let her stop in any other Massachusetts town or speak with any one on the journey home.

If the Puritans thought that by such cruel treatment and unjust laws they would discourage Quakers from coming to Boston they misjudged the spirit of the Friends. They continued to come, and declared that the laws passed against them in Massachusetts were contrary to the laws of England; for, as English subjects, they should be allowed to visit or to live in any English colony. Nor did they hesitate to declare their religious views, which were approved by many who heard.

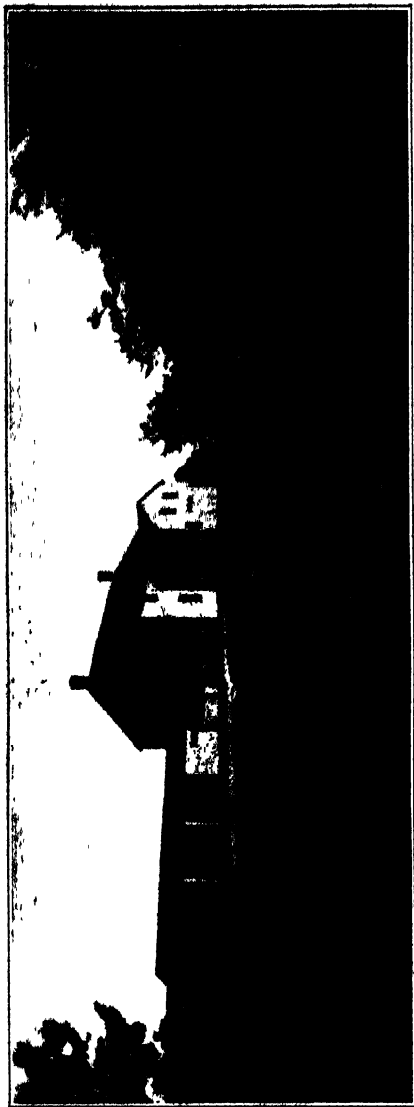
Endicott, the Governor of Massachusetts, grew still more alarmed and the Puritan ministers more vindictive. More severe laws were passed ordering that if a Quaker returned after banishment, if a man, he should have an ear cut off. If he returned again he should lose the other. If the offender were a woman she should be severely whipped. At the third offense their tongues were to be bored through with a hot iron.

The Friends, hearing of these bloody laws, came all the more, to testify against such cruelty and oppression, and to show how powerless were the laws made by men to stop what they believed was their divine message to the people of Boston. Many were put in prison. Some remained there for years. Some were kept for days without food and had no beds on which to sleep save the hard boards of the jail floor. Some were put in the stocks or the pillory; some had their ears cut off; one was branded with a hot iron on the hand; some were whipped within the prison walls; some were whipped on the streets. Not even the women were spared. Whether old or young they were stripped to their waists, and with their hands tied to the tail of an ox-cart were whipped with three-fold knotted cords as the cart passed through the town—whipped till the blood ran. Three women were once whipped in this manner through eleven towns, going a distance of eighty miles.

William Sewel, who wrote a long history of the Quakers, may well exclaim: "But when should I have done if I would describe all the whippings inflicted on Quakers in these parts?"

People who entertained Quakers at their houses, or were suspected of having sympathy with them, were also cruelly persecuted. In spite of this many in Boston and Salem joined the Society of Friends.

There were many Puritans in Massachusetts who heartily disapproved of the severity of the laws and the barbarity with which they were executed. At one time an old man named William Brend was so



FRIENDS' MEETING HOUSE, SANDWICH, MASS.

(Sandwich Monthly Meeting is reputed to be the oldest meeting of record in America. Well-authenticated tradition carries us back to Christopher's Hollow, so named from the preaching of Christopher Holder, and to gatherings held in the houses of William Allen, William Newland and Ralph Allen. The Monthly Meeting was fully established as early as 1658. A letter written in that year by a young Friend continued in Boston Jail contains the following sentence: "We have two strong places in this land, one at Newport, in Rhode Island, and the other at Sandwich, which the enemy will never get dominion over." The records of Sandwich Monthly Meeting are complete from 1670 to the present time. The house shown in the cut dates from 1810, being the third in succession on that site. The previous dates for building were 1672 and 1704.)

To face p. 225.

was cruelly treated in Boston and that the case excited much sympathy for him and much anger against his persecutors. His jailer fastened his neck and heels together with a chain and left him thus for sixteen hours. Then he gave him twenty blows with a pitched rope, and afterwards ninety-seven with a larger rope. As a result of this inhuman treatment his body was so bruised and torn that a doctor who examined him said that it was impossible for him to live. Upon hearing of this the people of the town were so angered against the jailer that the authorities sent out a notice that he should be punished, which somewhat quieted the citizens, although the promise was never kept.

Because of the sympathy felt for the Friends by the people at large it was not easy for Governor Endicott and the two leading Puritan ministers, John Wilson and John Norton, to secure the passage of a law still more severe, which they desired, one that should banish Quakers on penalty of death.

Katherine Scott, of Rhode Island, came to Boston while Christopher Holder and two other Friends were in jail, under sentence to have their ears cut off. When this bloody piece of work was consummated it was not done publicly, and Katherine Scott said that it was evident "they were going to do the Works of Darkness, or else they would have brought them forth Publicly and have declared their Offense that others may see and hear."

For this they put her in prison and whipped her with a knotted whip, and told her "they were ill of

to have a law to hang her if she came thither again." She answered: "If God calls us, woe be to us if we come not; and I question not but He whom we love will make us not to count our lives dear unto ourselves for the sake of His Name."

To this Governor Endicott replied: "And we shall be as ready to take away your lives as ye shall be to lay them down."

Two months later Endicott, Wilson and Norton, by using all their influence with the Court of Deputies, obtained the passage of a law which ordered that the punishment for Quakers who returned after banishment should be death.

Laurence and Cassandra Southwick were among the first to be tried under the new law, although they had been arrested and put in prison before it was passed. Their property had nearly all been taken from them in payment of fines for not attending the Puritan services on the first day of the week, and for attending meeting held after the manner of Friends. So they were sent away on penalty of death, and afterwards their children, Daniel and Provided Southwick, who had no money to pay the fines imposed on them for "siding with the Quakers and absenting themselves from the public ordinances," were ordered to be sold as slaves to "any of the English nation at Virginia or Barbados."

It is good to know that no ship's captain could be found who would aid in so villainous a project.

This occurrence was sad enough, but far worse was to come.

In the early summer of 1659 William Robinson, a merchant of London, and Marmaduke Stevenson, a Yorkshire farmer, came to Boston to bear their testimony against Puritan oppression. Nicholas Davis, of Plymouth, and Patience Scott, a girl of eleven, the daughter of Katherine Scott who was so mercilessly whipped, came also. These four were imprisoned, as was also Mary Dyer, who has already been mentioned, when she arrived from Rhode Island a little later. After being in prison over two months the Court ordered the four adults to leave town within two days on penalty of death. The child was discharged after she had been given some advice.

Mary Dyer and Nicholas Davis left Boston at this time. The other two, feeling that their mission was not yet accomplished, did not leave the colony but went to Salem. There and in other places they preached the doctrines of Friends, and before long they were again imprisoned in Boston jail, where Mary Dyer had been placed a few days before when she returned to Boston to visit Friends in prison.

Two weeks later these three, William Robinson, Marmaduke Stevenson, and Mary Dyer, were brought before Governor Endicott, and after a form of trial were told to listen to their sentences. William Robinson asked leave to read a paper he had written that the people there might know that in coming to Boston and continuing in the colony after banishment he was but obeying the Lord's will. This Endicott would not permit. The three were then condemned to death.

Many people, among them the Governors of Connecticut and Nova Scotia, endeavored to soften the hearts of the magistrates, but to no avail.

The day for the execution came. The prisoners came forth from the jail, and surrounded by a hundred soldiers walked through the streets. Drummers went immediately before them who were told to beat their drums loudly if the Quakers attempted to speak to the crowds that lined the way. The Governor was evidently fearful lest the people might make an attempt at a rescue, for thirty-six soldiers were posted about the town during the execution "to preserve order."

In answer to the Marshal who asked her if she were not ashamed to walk hand in hand between two young men, Mary Dyer said: "It is an hour of the greatest joy I can enjoy in this world. No eye can see, no ear can hear, no tongue can speak, no heart can understand, the sweet incomes and refreshings of the spirit of the Lord which now I enjoy."

So the prisoners passed on to Boston Common, where the gallows were. There one of the Puritan ministers jeered at them, but most of the people looked on with sorrowful hearts and in silence as the three said farewell to one another.

William Robinson was hanged first. His last words were, "I suffer for Christ, in whom I live, and for whom I die."

Marmaduke Stevenson suffered next. As he ascended the ladder he said: "Be it known unto you all this day, that we suffer not as evil doers, but for

conscience' sake. This day shall we be at rest with the Lord."

Then Mary Dyer was made ready for the gallows, and as she stood there in sight of the dead with the halter around her neck, those who had expected that the execution of her two companions would shake her resolve or cause her to recant, saw their mistake in the calm serenity of her countenance. A handkerchief was tied over her face and then she stepped on the ladder. At that moment a messenger appeared, bringing an order for her reprieve at the petition of her son. She was loosed from the ropes that bound her and told to come down. For a little time she stood still as if waiting to know what the will of the Lord might be. The Marshal then pulled her down and took her back to prison.

The next day when she discovered that the reprieve had been arranged before the hour of the execution, that the preparations for her death had been merely to try her faith, and that the reprieve was given on condition that she depart within forty-eight hours, she refused to accept her life from the authorities who had caused the death of her companions, saying, "I rather chose to Dye than to live as from you, as Guilty of their Innocent Blood."

This attitude of mind puzzled the magistrates, so some officials were ordered to take her in their arms and carry her on horseback fifteen miles toward her home in Rhode Island. There they left her to make the rest of the journey as best she could. But Boston was to hear more of Mary Dyer.

The people there had been so much excited by the hanging of Stevenson and Robinson that the magistrates thought best to issue an apology for their conduct. In this they endeavored to excuse what they had done by claiming credit for what they had not done, and called especial attention to their great forbearance in reprieving Mary Dyer.

When Mary Dyer learned of this attempt to soothe the indignant people, she resolved to return to Boston and by her defiance of the law force the authorities to annul it or, by suffering a martyr's death, secure its repeal through the indignation of the people. Six months, therefore, after her terrible experience in Boston she returned thither, and was again brought before the magistrates, who condemned her to death on the following day.

It was the first day of Sixth Month, 1660, when Mary Dyer walked the second time from the jail to the Common surrounded by soldiers. At the gallows she said: "I came to do the will of my Father, and in obedience to His will I stand even to this death." John Wilson, the Puritan minister, said: "Mary Dyer, O! repent, O! repent, and be not so deluded and carried away by the deceit of the devil." She replied: "Nay, man, I am not now to repent." To a question asked her she answered: "Yea, I have been in Paradise these several days."

She spoke more of the eternal happiness into which she was now to enter, and then the end came. Without any evidence of fear or regret Mary Dyer died the death of a martyr, and was received, we doubt

not, into the glorious company of the saints. But one more Quaker was put to death after this. This was William Leddra, of Barbados. After imprisonment and whipping he was banished from Boston on penalty of death. He returned after that to visit Friends in Boston jail, and was again taken prisoner. He was kept night and day in an open jail during a cold winter, and was, moreover, chained to a log of wood. When brought to trial the death sentence was passed, and he was executed on the fourteenth day of Third Month, 1661.

On the day of Leddra's execution Wenlock Christeson was also sentenced to death. When he heard his sentence he said: "The will of the Lord be done. If you have power to take my life, the which I question, I believe you shall never more take Quakers' lives from them. Mark my words."

He was right. On the day before that set for his execution news was received from England which led to his release and that of twenty-seven other Friends who were in prison.

Edward Burrough, an English Friend, had interceded with the King to protect the lives of his subjects in New England who were suffering great persecution and even death for their religion. The King gave orders to the Secretary of State to prepare a mandamus to stop the proceedings of the Puritans against the Quakers, and to order that all Quakers then in prison should be sent to England with the charges against them. This message was brought to Governor Endicott by Samuel Shattuck, who had been banished

from Boston on penalty of death. The judges did not wish to have the cases tried in England, so they decided to release all the prisoners.

Whittier has told about this in a poem called "*The King's Missive*." He thus describes the Quakers leaving the jail :—

"But as they who see not, the Quakers saw
The world about them ; they only thought
With deep thanksgiving and pious awe
On the great deliverance God had wrought.
Through lane and alley the gazing town
Noisely followed them up and down ;
Some with scoffing and cruel jeer,
Some with pity and words of cheer."

Good old Nicholas Upsall watches them from his doorway and cries :—

"Men of Boston, give God the praise !
No more shall innocent blood call down
The bolts of wrath on your guilty town.
The freedom of worship, dear to you,
Is dear to all, and to all is due.

"I see the vision of days to come,
When your beautiful City of the Bay
Shall be Christian liberty's chosen home,
And none shall his neighbor's right gainsay."

This vision was not at once realized. After a short time the persecution of the Quakers again began, but it was never carried to such an extent, and finally ceased altogether.

We cannot doubt that the four martyrs who gave up their lives on Boston Common for the sake of

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religious liberty were largely instrumental in creating a sentiment in favor of allowing every man to worship as he wished, and to express his religious opinions without persecution. To-day we all enjoy this liberty, but we sometimes forget the terrible suffering those faithful, courageous Friends underwent in New England and elsewhere. We are not always mindful that we owe this liberty in great measure to them, especially to the four heroic souls who are known as the Boston Martyrs.

